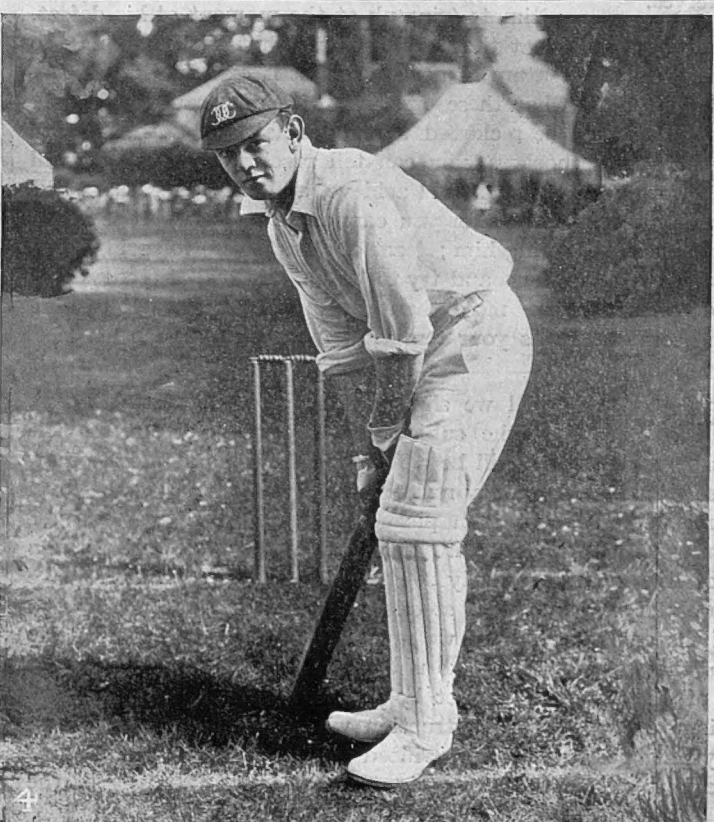
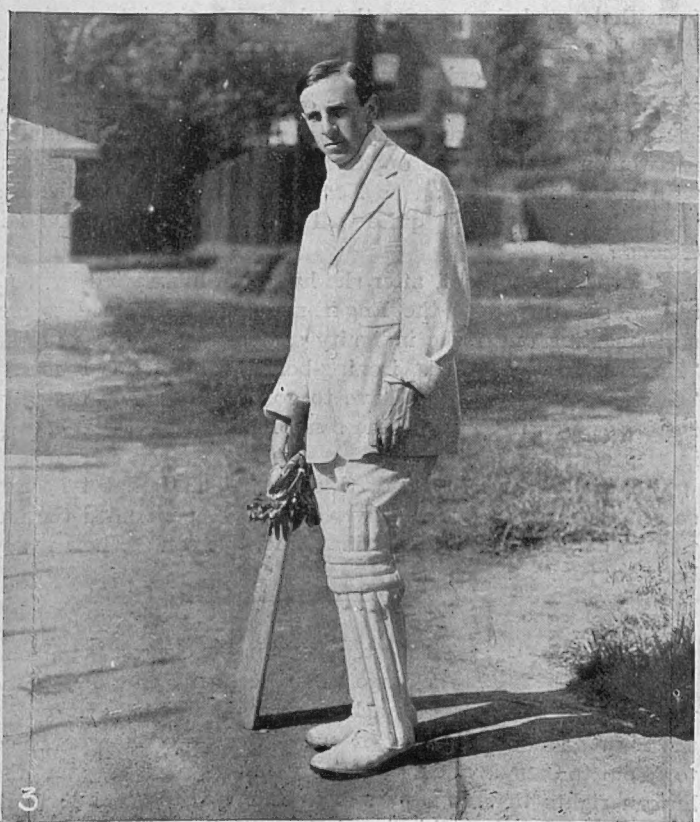
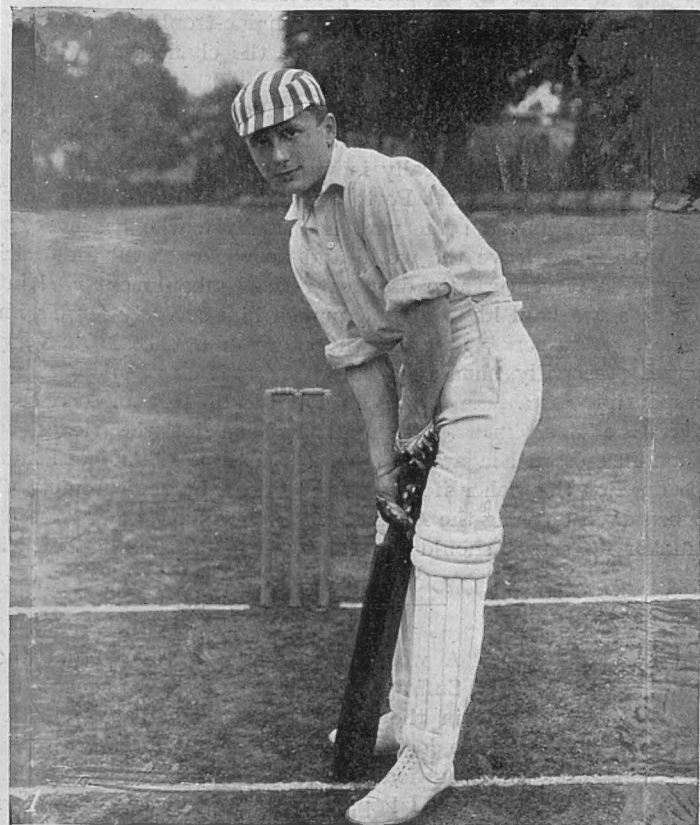


The Sketch

No. 1119 —Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE AT LORD'S THIS WEEK: CAPTAINS OF CRICKET AT THE TWO GREAT SOCIETY MATCHES OF THE SEASON.

Monday saw the beginning of the great annual struggle at Lord's between the rival elevens of Oxford and Cambridge, whilst on Friday thousands of Etonians and Harrovians, past and present, with their mothers and sisters and aunts, will watch

the match between the two schools. Our photographs show the four Captains: 1. Mr. G. Wilson, Harrow; 2. Mr. C. S. Rawstone, Eton; 3. Mr. S. H. Saville, Cambridge; 4. Mr. F. H. Knott, Oxford.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



"There's the Humour of It." You cannot have things both ways in this unsatisfactory world. Even the cheaper Press cannot have things both ways. You must not jump on a man and pound him to a jelly when he is down, and expect the public to applaud and respect you if you laud the same man to the skies when he is up.

After the fight between Bombardier Wells and Carpentier, I was quite disgusted with some of the things that were said about the defeated Wells. He was no fighter, a second-class man, a womanish boxer, a timid little creature, and a few other things of the sort. I ventured to protest in these Notes against this cartload of abuse, and I pointed out that Wells, being a man of nerve as well as of muscle, would live to astonish his manifold detractors. Now I find, merely because Wells knocked out Colin Bell in two rounds, that he is one of the most marvellous fellows in the world.

"Brown and pink in sections, firm and muscular from head to toe was Wells when he removed the violet gown. What a physical picture! What a frame upon which to place the heart and lungs of a strong, resolute fighter! . . . When the gong sounds he leaps actively out, and I know no psychic or mental agent has turned his feet to lead. He towers over Bell, and his form looks graceful and swift beside the more solid muscular one of the Australian. . . . People suddenly realise that it is the new Wells they are seeing, and the house breaks into a wild roar of applause. And Wells confirms the good opinion of his admirers by rushing in . . ."

The Value of Nerves.

And so forth. But how much finer it would have been had this journal foreseen Wells's ultimate triumph at the moment of his defeat. The experts cry out that they never know what Wells is going to do because he is a creature of nerves. That is exactly the point—you never do know what these creatures of nerves can accomplish. Your stolid man can be reckoned upon to a hair's-breadth. Before he is out of knickerbockers, you can tell precisely how far he will go in the world, and what he will achieve, and what he lacks. But with your temperamental man you cannot be so sure. It is never safe to prophesy regarding him; least of all is it safe to spring upon him when he is tripped up and try to batter him out of recognition. If you do that, you are more than likely to find yourself turning surprising somersaults as your temperamental man regains his feet.

To What End?

"All we shall carry," said Lieutenant Porte, on the subject of his attempt to cross the Atlantic by aeroplane, "will be a few egg-biscuits and a coffee-pot. Of course we have emergency rations which will last us a week, but if we drop, and are not soon picked up by a passing steamer, I anticipate we shall not require the rations, because the *America* could not live in a moderately rough sea more than an hour. We have absolutely no means of steering our hydro-aeroplane through water if the engines fail, and we must drift helplessly about at the mercy of the waves until we go under or are picked up. The boat or hull of the *America* cannot be detached, and is not fireproof, and owing to the flimsy construction which has been necessitated by everything possible being sacrificed to lightness, it will undoubtedly break to pieces in a few minutes under the battering of the waves."

Fun for the Onlooker.

That is all very splendid, and Lieutenant Porte is evidently one of those people who do not care a button whether they keep their lives or lose them. The point is, should a man be allowed to run such a

risk? I gather from the same report that "it is the opinion of experts whom I have consulted that if once engine-trouble or a storm bring Lieutenant Porte down on the water the chances are that he will never rise again."

We all know that there is no means of foretelling the weather on the Atlantic, and we all know that "engine-trouble," in a long flight like this, is practically inevitable. And yet we calmly stand by and allow Lieutenant Porte to take this hundred-to-one chance with death; but if some wretched creature who has every reason for wishing to leave the world and no reason at all for desiring to remain in it ventures to drop over the Embankment wall into the Thames, we haul him out and punish him severely for his impertinence. A reasonable risk in the cause of science is all very well, but I, personally, should not like to have it on my mind that I was responsible for a man taking an utterly unreasonable chance, whatever the inducement. Is humanity one jot the richer because Blondin crossed Niagara Falls on a tight-rope? And will humanity be one jot the richer if Lieutenant Porte, by some remote chance succeeds in crossing the Atlantic on an aeroplane? There are many smaller feats that should be attempted before this mad risk is run.

A Suffragette Explains.

A week or two ago, I pointed out that the Suffragettes might really be of considerable use in the world if they would get a little more art and a little more logic into their methods, and I referred particularly to an interruption that came from the gallery of the Dulwich or York's Theatre when I happened to be witnessing a performance of "The Land of Promise." This Note has brought me a reply from the very lady, apparently, who made the interruption. Here is her letter—

"SIR,—I have only now seen this week's issue of *The Sketch* and was very astonished at your opening paragraph. To me, 'The Land of Promise,' particularly in the first act, was just full of reason for women having equal opportunities with men. Don't you agree with me that a woman as Nora appeared to be in the first act would have succeeded quite well in this country under fair conditions?

"In the second act, after she had been humiliated by her sister-in-law, she turned to the Englishman and, it seemed to me, that still smarting under the indignity said bitterly words to this effect: 'Here I am with this ironing-board . . . ' and I interrupted, 'Gentlewomen would not have to go out to Canada and attend to ironing-boards if they had the same human rights that men possess in this country. . . .'

"I am greatly surprised, therefore, to find that I heard words so different from those that were uttered. I intended the interruption to be neither stupid nor inartistic, but can see how it appeared both to you."

And So Do I.

This letter shows in the clearest possible manner the huge difference between the intentions of the Suffragettes and their achievements. The lady is quite under the impression that she called out, "Gentlewomen would not have to go out to Canada and attend to ironing-boards if they had the same human rights that men possess in this country." I have not the slightest doubt that this is what she intended to say, but it so happens that I can remember her very words. They were, "Yes, and that wouldn't happen if women had the vote." Contrast the two speeches, and you will get an interesting illustration of the point that I am trying to make.

"She had Three Lilies in her Hand": "La Demoiselle Elue."



"THE BLESSED DAMOSEL LEANED OUT FROM THE GOLD BAR OF"—THE FRENCH EMBASSY: Mlle. LOEWENTHAL'S PUPILS WHO SANG ROSSETTI'S POEM IN COSTUME.

At a *soirée musicale* given the other day by M. Paul Cambon at the French Embassy, the pupils of Mlle. Olga Loewenthal sang, in costume, "La Demoiselle Elue" (Rossetti's "The Blessed Damoel") to the music of Claude Debussy. In the centre of the photograph at the back is Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as the Blessed Damoel. In the front row, from left to right, are Miss Gwendoline Brogden, Lady Coke, Miss

Gladys Cooper, Miss Felicity Tree, Miss Nancy Cunard, Lady Violet Charteris, Lady Diana Manners, the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert, the Hon. Mrs. Edgar Brassey, and Miss Marshall. Among those at the back (on the left) are Miss Montrose, Miss Scott Robson, Mme. Rouse, Miss Garrard, Mrs. Curnick, and Miss Reade; (on the right) Miss Leggett, Lady Watson, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Maclaren, Miss Dawes, and Miss Arnell.

Photograph by Topical.

Shamrock and Fleur-de-Lis: an Irish and French Alliance.



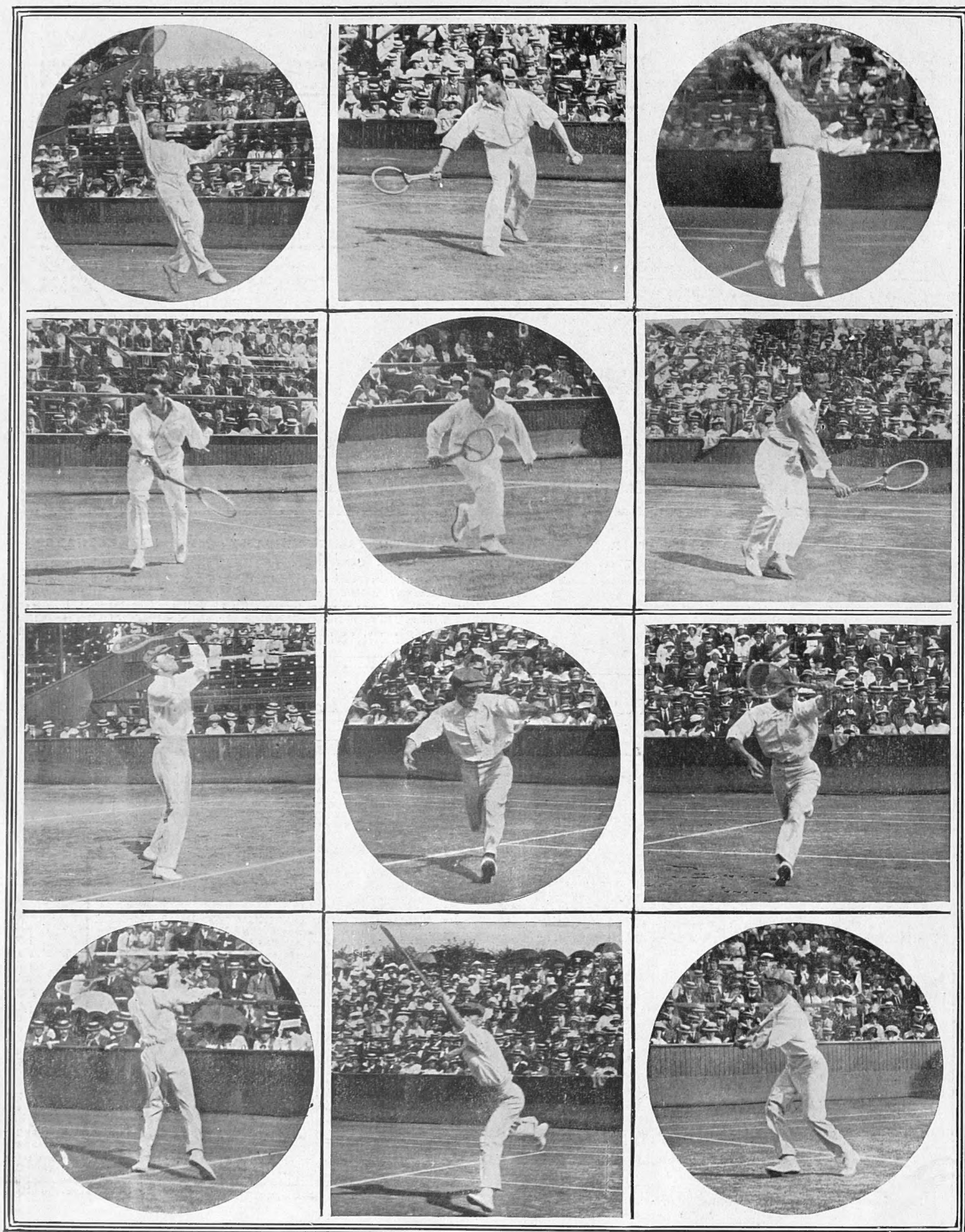
FATHER AND MOTHER, SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: A BESSBOROUGH FAMILY GROUP.

The Earl of Bessborough, the eighth holder of the title, succeeded in 1906. He is Chairman of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, and was formerly for eleven years Secretary to the Speaker. The Countess, whom he married in 1875, was

Mis Blanche Guest, daughter of Sir Josiah John Guest, Bt., Their eldest son, Viscount Duncannon, who is M.P. for Dover, married two years ago Mlle. Roberte Neufize, only daughter of Baron de Neufize, of Paris. She has one little boy, born last year.

Photograph by Poole.

THE MOST EXCITING MATCH OF THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.



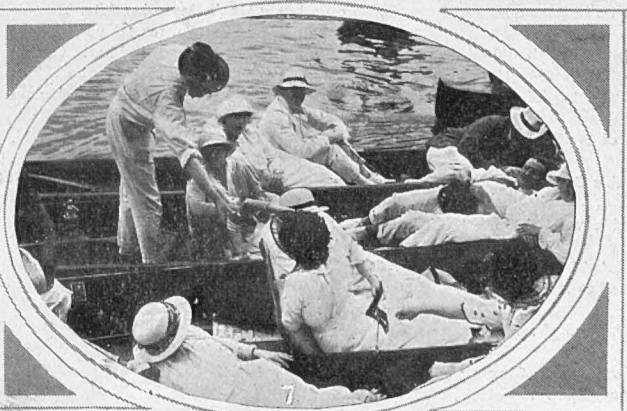
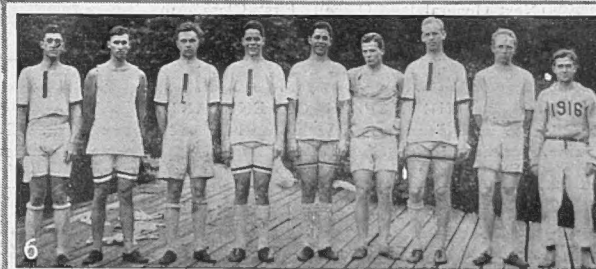
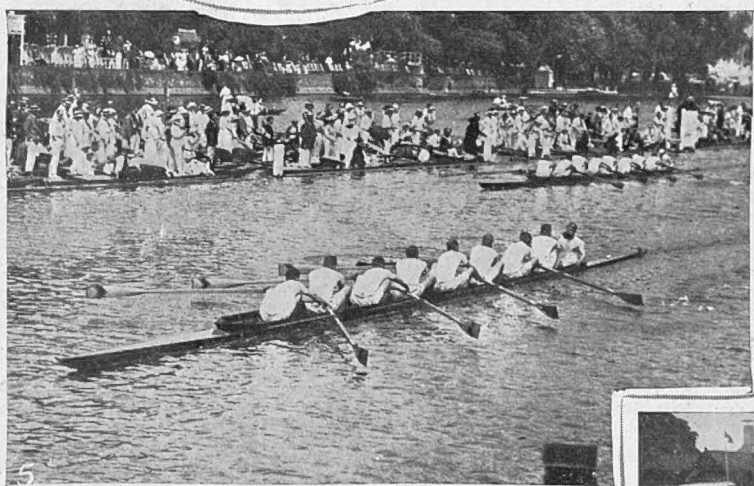
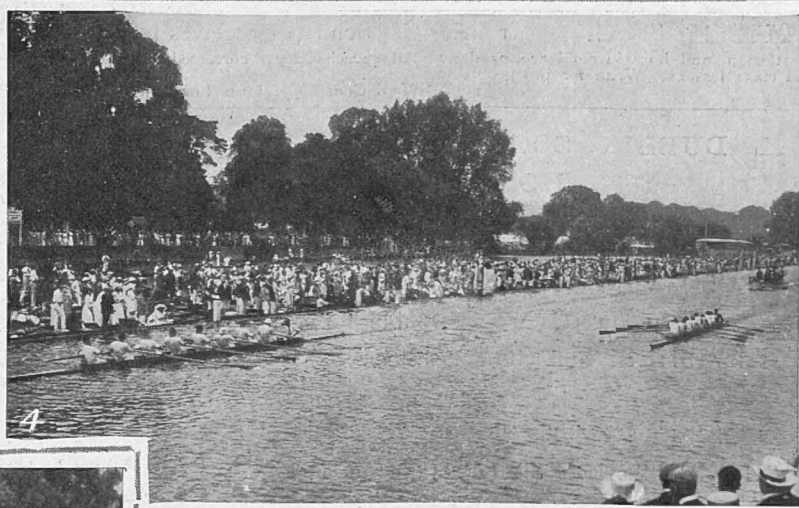
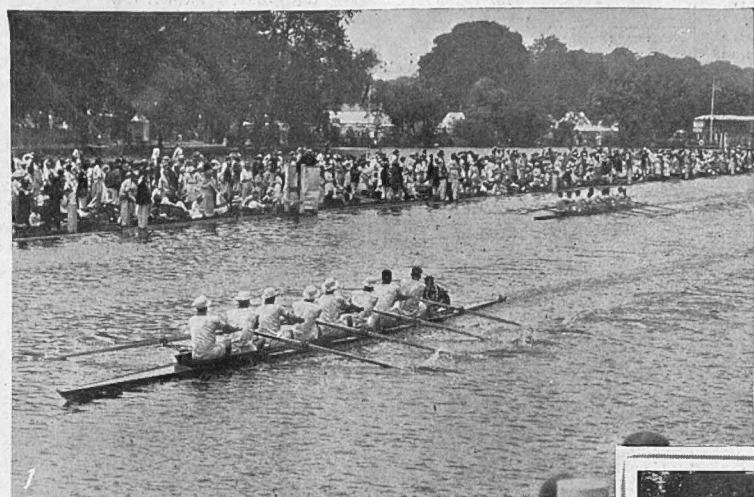
THE FINALISTS IN THE ALL-COMERS' SINGLES: HERR FROITZHEIM (IN THE SIX UPPER PHOTOGRAPHS)
AND MR. NORMAN BROOKES (IN THE LOWER SIX).

The final of the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon last Thursday between the young German, Herr Froitzheim, and the left-handed Australian, Mr. Norman Brookes, was the most exciting event of the whole tournament. Eventually, after a ding-dong succession of games and sets, Mr. Brookes won, by 3 sets to 2. The sets were as

follows—6-2, 6-1, 5-7, 4-6, and 8-6. As the figures indicate, Herr Froitzheim was a little off his game at first, but warmed to his work later and a great struggle ensued. Mr. Brookes, by winning the final, qualified to challenge the holder, Mr. A. F. Wilding, whom he beat on Saturday, thus becoming champion.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.

A WATER WATERLOO: THE BRITISH DÉBÂCLE AT HENLEY.



1. BOSTON BEATING LONDON BY 4 LENGTHS.

3. THE VICTORIOUS BOSTON CREW IN THEIR BOSTON HATS.

5. THE WINNIPEG CREW DEFEATING THE THAMES.

7. THE SOCIAL SIDE: CHERRIES IN GREAT DEMAND.

2. WINNIPEG, WHO BEAT THAMES BY 1½ LENGTHS.

4. THE HARVARD CREW DEFEATING LEANDER.

6. THE VICTORIOUS HARVARD CREW, WHO DEFEATED LEANDER.

8. "ROWED OUT": LEANDER AFTER THE GREAT STRUGGLE WITH HARVARD.

Last Thursday at Henley was a bad day for English rowing, when all the English crews were beaten, not one reaching the semi-final round of the Grand Challenge Cup, the

most coveted prize in the world for eight-oared crews. This is the greatest set-back that English oarsmen have ever received at Henley.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, Topical, Alfieri, G.P.U., Sport and General, and Illustrations Bureau.

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The Shadows of the Past. J. Littlejohn. 6s.
 (Chapman and Hall.)
 The Years of Forgetting. Lindsay Russell. 6s.
 (Ward, Lock.)
 The Price of Delusion. Sir William Magnay,
 Bt. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
 Conscience Money. Sidney Warwick.
 (Greening.)
 The Adventuress, and Other Stories. George
 Willoughby. 2s. net. (Goschen.)
 2010. By the Author of "The Adventure of
 John Johns." 6s. (Werner Laurie.)
 Chignett Street. B. Paul Neuman. 6s.
 (Smith, Elder.)
 The House in Demetrius Road. J. D. Beresford
 6s. (Heinemann.)
 Rebellion. Joseph Medill Patterson. 6s.
 (Holden and Hardingham.)
 Queer Patients. M. Oston. 2s.
 (Murray and Evenden.)
 Justice of the Peace. Frederick Niven. 6s.
 (Nash.)
 Jephthah's Daughter. Anna Bunston. 6s.
 (Macdonald.)
 The Quick and the Dead. Edwin Pugh. 6s.
 (Chapman and Hall.)
 One Man's Way. Evelyn Dickinson. 6s. (Allen.)
 The Road to Hillsbrow. E. B. Loveday. 6s.
 (Chapman and Hall.)
 Quick Action. R. W. Chambers. 6s.
 (Appletons.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Personality of American Cities. Edward
 Hungerford. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)
 The Dance. T. and M. W. Kinney. 15s. net.
 (Heinemann.)
 My Varied Life. F. C. Phillips. 10s. 6d. net.
 (Nash.)
 The Ghosts of Piccadilly. G. S. Street. 1s. net.
 (Constable.)
 Keep Breathing: How to Do It and Why.
 M. A. Carlisle Carr. (Constable.)
 An Ideal Husband. Oscar Wilde. 2s. net.
 (Methuen.)
 The Orient Express. A. Moore. 7s. 6d. net.
 (Constable.)
 China's Dayspring After Thirty Years. Frederick
 Brown. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray and Evenden.)
 The Celebrated Mme. Campan. Violette M.
 Montagu. (Nash.)
 Friends Round the Wrekin. Lady C. Milnes
 Gaskell. 9s. net. (Smith, Elder.)
 The Caillaux Drama. John N. Raphael. 16s.
 net. (Max Goschen.)
 Morocco the Piquant. George Edmund Holt.
 6s. (Heinemann.)
 Practical Town Planning. J. S. Nettlefold. 2s.
 net. (St. Catherine Press.)
 Garden Cities and Canals. J. S. Nettlefold. 2s.
 net. (St. Catherine Press.)
 Tales of Two Countries. Maxim Gorky.
 (Werner Laurie.)
 Songs for Music. J. J. Cadwaldr. 1s. (Drane.)
 Social Guide, 1914. Edited by Mrs. Hugh
 Adam and Edith A. Browne. 2s. 6d. net.
 (Black.)
 The Motor Routes of Germany. Henry J.
 Hecht. 5s. net. (Black.)
 Westminster Abbey. Joseph E. Morris. 1s. 6d.
 net. (Black.)
 The Peak Country. Joseph E. Morris. 1s. 6d.
 net. (Black.)
 Switzerland Revisited. A. S. Forrest and Henry
 Bagge. 2s. net. (Griffiths.)
 The Sea's Anthology. J. E. Patterson. 2s. net.
 (Heinemann.)
 Memorials of Henry Forbes Julian. Hester
 Julian. 6s. (Griffin.)
 Air-Craft. Thomas W. Corbin. 1s. 6d.
 (P.)



ARCHERY IN FRANCE: A DIFFERENCE IN LENGTH: ARCHERS OF OLD: THE GUIGNOL.

English and French Archers.

Going for a week-end to a forest in Picardy, I fell amongst the English and the French archers who had just finished their annual International Competition. The days when the French generally met the English archers by charging them on horseback, while the British, kneeling behind great sharpened stakes, let fly a cloud of arrows at the mail-clad line which thundered down upon them, are past and gone; and now British and French meet on the Archery Ground at Le Touquet with smiles and many bows, and the dipping of flags to each other in international courtesy.

Why the French Archers Won.

The French archers this year obtained a victory over British archers, but I believe that this was chiefly owing to the courtesy of the British archers in shooting at the French distances and not at their own. I was told in the lounge of the Hôtel des Anglais one night after dinner that the French think more of accuracy than of length, and that they shoot their matches at thirty yards, whereas the English distances are fifty, eighty, and one hundred yards. Next year, the French promise to practise at the lower of the English distances, and will meet their friendly opponents on more level terms.

A Wonderful Flight.

I watched the flight-shooting of the archers on the golf-links, and saw the making of what I was told was the record in distance for France. The gentleman who this year broke his own record is M. Simon, an Englishman by birth, who has lived, I am told, of late years in Budapest. He shoots with a Turkish bow made out of sinew—

the long-bow, however galling it may be to our national pride to admit this, for Strongbow, in his campaigns against the Irish in the time of Henry II., looked on his Welsh bowmen as the flower of his army, and mounted them on horses, the better to use them in guerilla warfare. Thus Strongbow was really the inventor of mounted infantry.

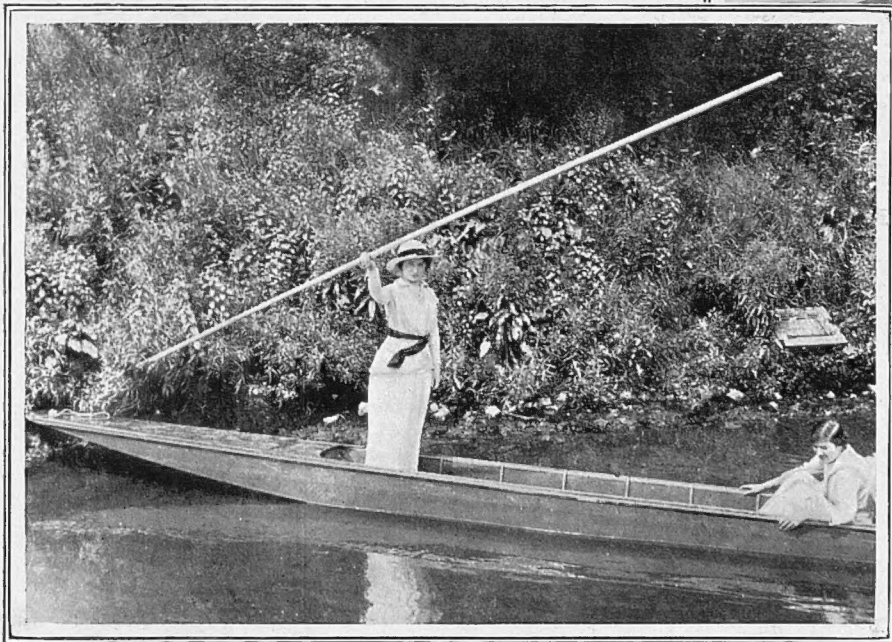
The Opening of the Guignol.

I was at Le Touquet at the opening performance of the Guignol—the little red-capped rascal who originally came from Lyons, who holds his court in one of the two little theatres of the Champs Elysées until



FEATHER-WEIGHT AND UNBREAKABLE: A PUNT AND POLE SHEATHED IN ALUMINIUM.

Mr. Walter Hammerton, a Twickenham ferryman, has invented a feather-weight punt and pole, both of which are sheathed in aluminium. Our photograph shows Mr. Hammerton carrying the punt ashore.



THE FEATHER-WEIGHT POLE OF THE FEATHER-WEIGHT PUNT: A BOON TO THE LADIES.

The aluminium-sheathed pole for punting invented by Mr. Hammerton. It weighs only three pounds—less than half the weight of an ordinary wooden pole—and is unbreakable. It was noted at Henley that there were fewer girls punting this year than usual.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

a weapon which looks very small compared with the British long-bow. With his legs well apart, he shoots up towards the sky, and I found it impossible to follow the flight of his arrow. The measured length of his longest shot this year was 470 yards, and there was not enough breeze to help the arrow in its flight. A Turk has beaten this distance, for it is on record that in 1795 Mahmoud Effendi, of the Turkish Embassy in London, shot 482 yards with a Turkish bow.

The Welsh Mounted Archers.

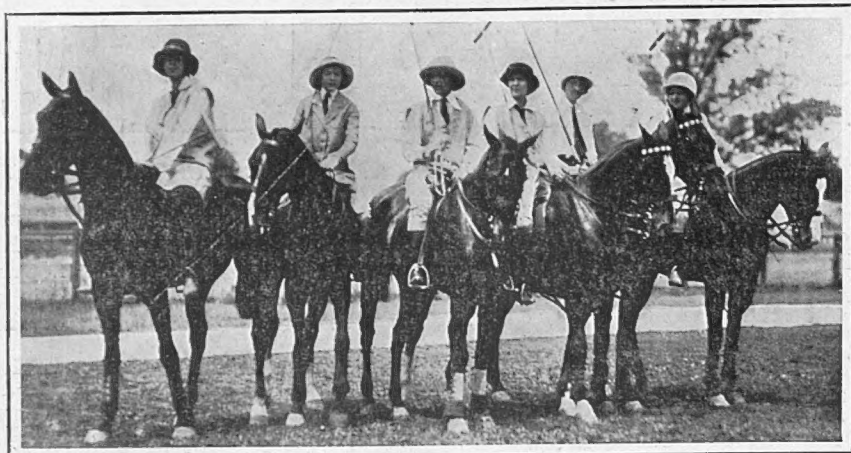
The English have always shot with the long-bow at longer distances than foreigners, and Henry VIII. forbade, by a much-quoted Act, any practice taking place at a shorter distance than one furlong. Gallant little Wales it was that taught the Englishman how to draw

the Grand Prix day, and then migrates to the seaside. One of the Champs Elysées Guignols comes to Le Touquet and spends his summer in a miniature green theatre amongst the pines, with rows of benches in front of him—with to one side a round-about on the little horses of which the children ride, at a sou a time, during the intervals between the Guignol dramas; and at the other side a kiosk where *gaufres* are baked by a man in a white cap and white clothing, the scent of these hot delicacies coming to infantile noses while they watch the dramas in which Guignol is the hero.

Guignol versus Punch.

Guignol has no Dog Toby to assist him, but he gains the sympathy of the children by inducing them to take a part in the drama. When the man-servant, who generally opens a Guignol play, raps at the little door at the side of the miniature stage and calls "Guignol!" there is no response, and the servitor, looking at the children, says "He must be deaf. Help me, please, to call him." Then every child on all the benches calls out "Guignol! Guignol!" in treble tones until Guignol appears and thanks them. When Guignol has played some quite indefensible trick on an aged lady, or on the parish beadle, and is clapping his hands and knocking his head on the proscenium floor in an excess of glee, a gendarme appears at the back, and every child, in full sympathy with Guignol, shouts out to him, "Look out! The gendarme's coming!" Guignol sometimes has conversations with the children about the boredom of lessons, and when he says that nothing in the world will make him go back to school the audience of babies entirely applaud his decision.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



THE WOMEN POLO-PLAYERS OF CINCINNATI—FOR NOT LETTING THE MEN BE MONOPOLISTS OF THE GAME WHICH IS AS STRENUOUS AS RUGBY FOOTBALL AND DEMANDS EXCELLENT HORSEMANSHIP.

Many Society women in the States—among them Miss Emily Randolph and Miss Eleanor Sears—have taken up polo with great keenness. The Women's Polo Association is very flourishing and aspires to put a team in the field to meet a men's team on equal terms. Women polo-players are found in the various hunt clubs of Meadowbrook, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and else-



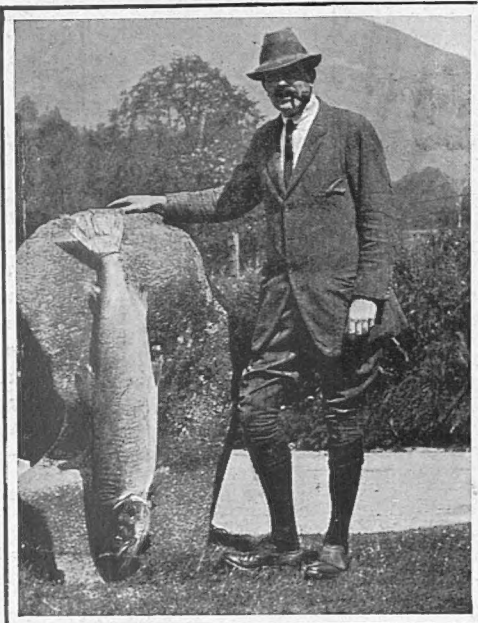
THE DENTON TWINS AND THE RIPPON TWINS—FOR SHOWING THAT "TWIN STARS MAY KEEP THEIR COURSES IN ONE"—CRICKET MATCH.

where. They all have to ride cross-saddle for polo.—The recent match between Northants and Somerset was notable for the fact that there was a pair of twins on each side—the two Dentons playing for Northants, and the Rippons for Somerset. In our photograph, from left to right, are Mr. W. H. Denton, Mr. A. D. E. Rippon, Mr. E. S. Rippon, and Mr. J. S. Denton.—[Photographs by Fleet and W. H. Holloway.]



MR. W. D. ANDERSON—FOR HAVING THE UNUSUAL DISTINCTION OF TAKING THE KING'S LEGS ABOUT WITH HIM.

Mr. W. D. Anderson, a Naval Reserve man, was the artist's model for the King's legs in the "Garter" portrait of his Majesty painted by Mr. Tennyson Cole.—Mr. G. Gladwin-Errington recently landed the River Awe a 42-lb. salmon after playing it for thirteen hours, with a light rod and a sea-trout cast.

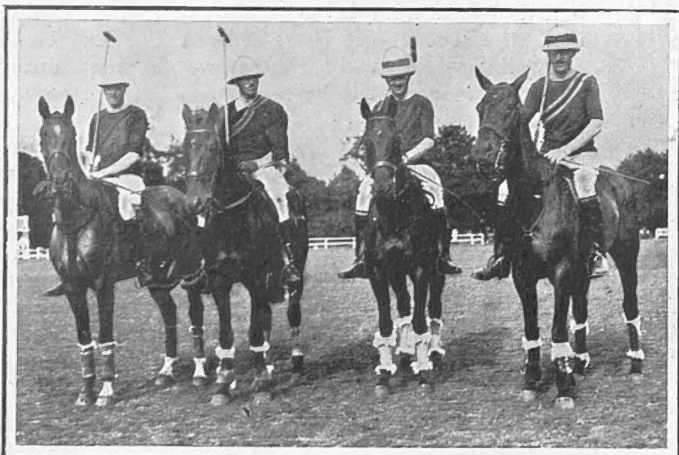


MR. G. GLADWIN-ERRINGTON—FOR HOOKING A 42-POUNDER ON MONDAY MORNING AND PLAYING IT UNTIL TUESDAY MORNING.

Full particulars and other photographs are given on another page.—Mrs. Share Jones, wife of the head of the Veterinary Anatomy Department of Liverpool University, recently took her LL.B. She has been described as the first woman lawyer.—[Photographs by Record Press and Lafayette, Manchester.]

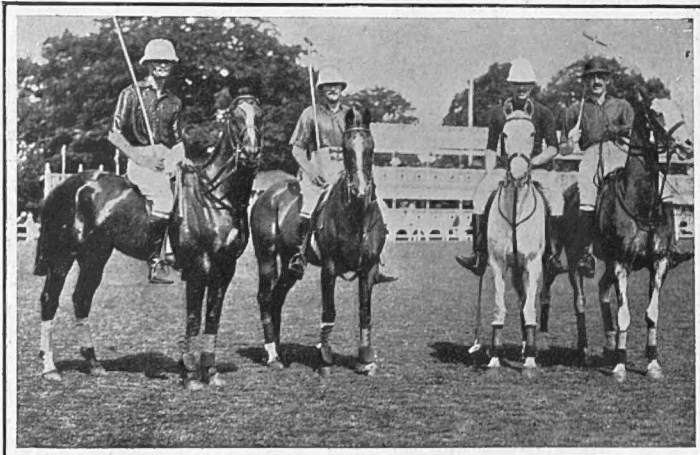


MRS. SHARE JONES—FOR SHOWING THAT HER SEX CAN TAKE UP THE LAW BESIDES LAYING IT DOWN.



THE 12TH LANCERS POLO TEAM—FOR BEING THE WINNERS OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO TOURNAMENT.

The final of the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament, between the 12th Lancers and the 1st Life Guards, at Hurlingham on Saturday, was won by the Lancers by 7 goals to 6. In our photograph of the 12th Lancers team (from left to right) are Mr. R.

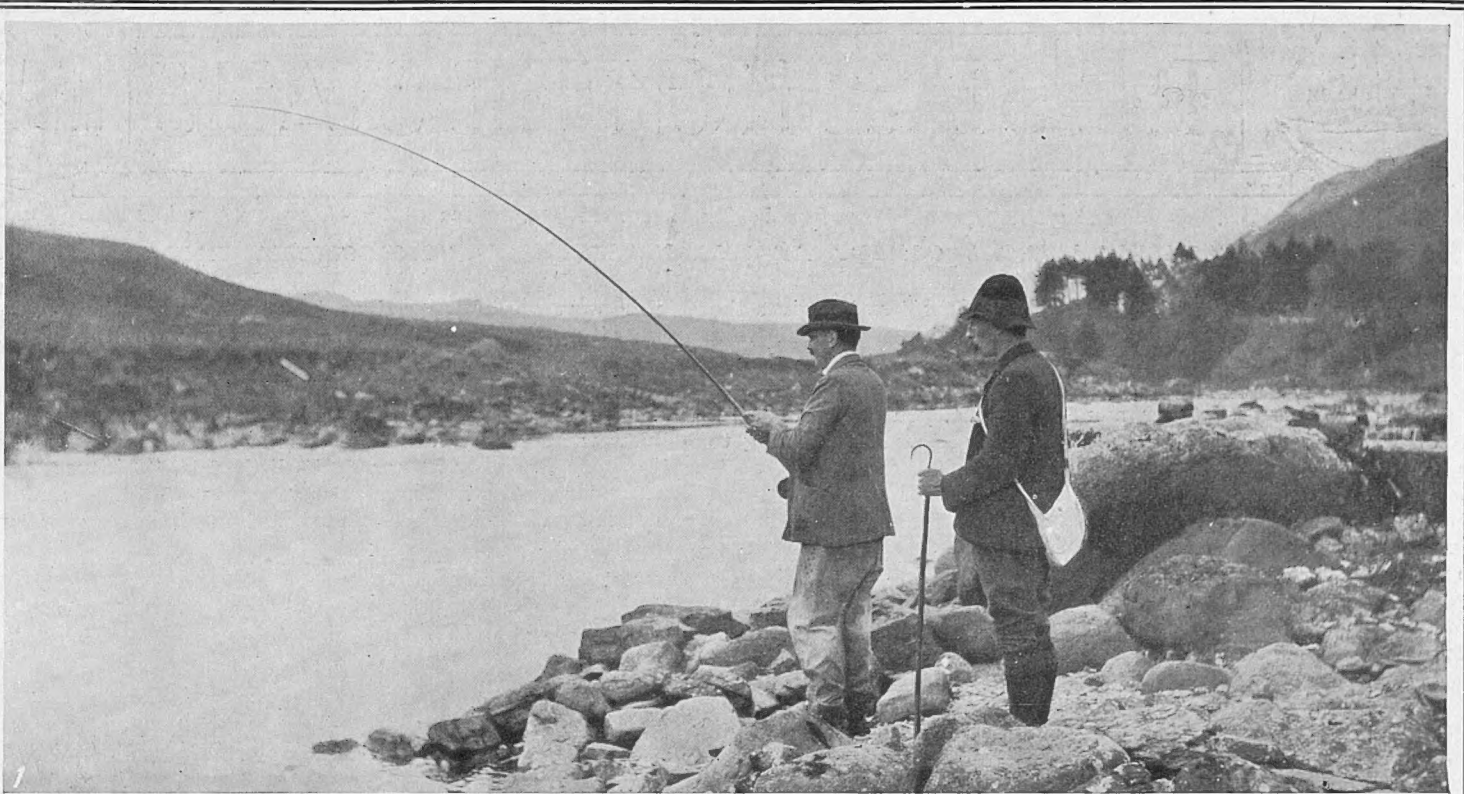


THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS POLO TEAM—FOR BEING IN THE FINAL OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO TOURNAMENT.

Wyndham-Quin, Mr. B. G. Nicholas, Captain T. R. Badger, and Mr. E. H. Leatham. In that of the 1st Life Guards team are (from left to right) Captain J. J. Astor, Captain Lord Hugh Grosvenor, Major E. H. Brassey, and Captain G. Miller-Mundy.

Photographs by Rouch.

A 13-HOUR FIGHT WITH A 42-LB. SALMON ON A LIGHT ROD.



DIARY OF THE STRUGGLE.

11.45.—Hooked fish in Verie after following fly.

11.55.—Sent for Angus.

12.0.—Sent Smith; tells George big fish in.

12.5.—G. arrives very pumped; fish made big run on being hooked; now stationary.

12.30.—Still stationary.

1.0.—Fish moved slowly up pool.

1.30.—Feeling hungry, but refused to eat. Angus expects fish in by two o'clock.

2.0.—George lunches.

2.15.—Motor-cyclist arrives; fish moves slowly down stream and sulks.

2.45.—Still sulking. Cyclist says must go, but doesn't.

3.15.—Cyclist retires.

3.45.—Fish gradually worked up into heavy water, where it stayed a quarter of an hour in spite of being heavily stoned; on leaving rough water made big run to tail of pool.

4.15.—Fish sulking tail of pool.

4.30.—Fish unmoved.

4.45.—Lees-Milne arrived: fish stationary.

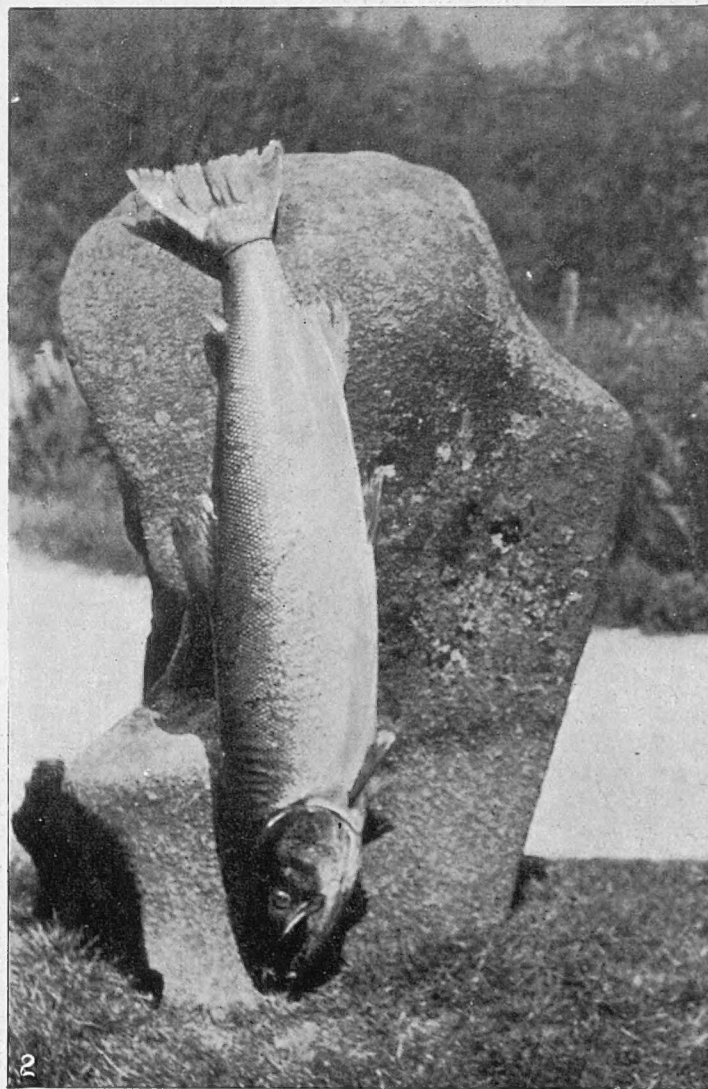
5.0.—Lees-Milne's gillie waded the river higher up and succeeded in moving fish.

5.30.—Fish showed signs of leaving pool. George waded in below him, and by continually slashing water for about twenty minutes, persuaded fish to move up slightly.

6.0.—Fish stationary. Proceeded to stone fish, poke him with rod (with no effect except to break point of rod) for half an hour without result. Landridges arrived during stoning.

6.30.—Wanted lunch, but found mine had been eaten. Lees-Milne kindly sent car for food and drink.

[Continued opposite.



Continued.]

7.0.—Food arrived; the fish unmoved.

8.0.—Fish unmoved.

8.30.—Fish went down stream slightly.

9.0.—Sent Dalmally car for Lees-Milne's boat.

9.15.—Boat arrived; the fish still unmoved.

9.30.—Launched boat; succeeded in thoroughly disturbing the fish, which now went half-way up the pool.

9.45.—Fish stuck in mud of pool.

10.0.—Fish went down again some way.

10.10.—Again used boat with some success.

10.15.—Fish went up to top of pool in heavy water and stuck again. Suggested sending for motor lamps.

10.30.—Fish had returned to mid-pool, and Lees-Milne returned from other bank.

10.40.—Motor lamps arrived.

11.0.—Got light on fish, which came in very close to bank, and perhaps might have been got if Lees-Milne had been in water, but he again went out into mid-stream.

11.15.—Again had recourse to boat and lamps, and fish went up into head of pool, where he sulked.

11.30.—No change.

12.15.—No change, but started stoning again.

12.30.—Fish moved down at last.

12.40.—Fish came in close to bank, and Angus got into the water, George having been in it most of the time since 5.30.

12.45.—Fish very near.

12.50.—Angus gaffed fish, and amid great excitement got him on land. Weight, 42 lb.; length, 49½ in.; girth, 24½ in.

1. HALF-AN-HOUR AFTER THE FISH WAS HOOKED: MR. G. GLADWIN-ERRINGTON PLAYING HIS 42-POUNDER IN THE RIVER AWE, WITH HIS GILLIE, ANGUS MACALL.

Mr. G. Gladwin-Errington recently brought off a remarkable angling feat in the River Awe, landing a 42-lb. salmon with a light rod after playing it for no less than thirteen hours. "I hooked him," he writes in the "Angler's News," "at 11.45 a.m. on Monday, and killed him at 12.50 a.m. on Tuesday. The chief peculiarities of the whole tussle, to my mind, were: that he took the fly with less force than any salmon I ever hooked, and I should never have struck at all except that I saw his

2. "FAR AND AWAY THE MOST UNMANAGEABLE FISH I HAVE EVER HAD TO CONTENT WITH": THE 42-POUND SALMON LANDED AFTER A THIRTEEN-HOURS FIGHT BY MR. G. GLADWIN-ERRINGTON.

tail approaching my fly. . . . A boat was brought down from Loch Awe on a car at about 10 p.m., which caused him to move at last. Finally, by the aid of a strong acetylene motor-lamp, he was induced to come near the bank, and was gaffed in three feet of water by my gillie (a very fine performance), very strong and apparently less tired than I was. My cast was practically frayed through, and I doubt if it would have stood the strain for more than a few minutes longer."

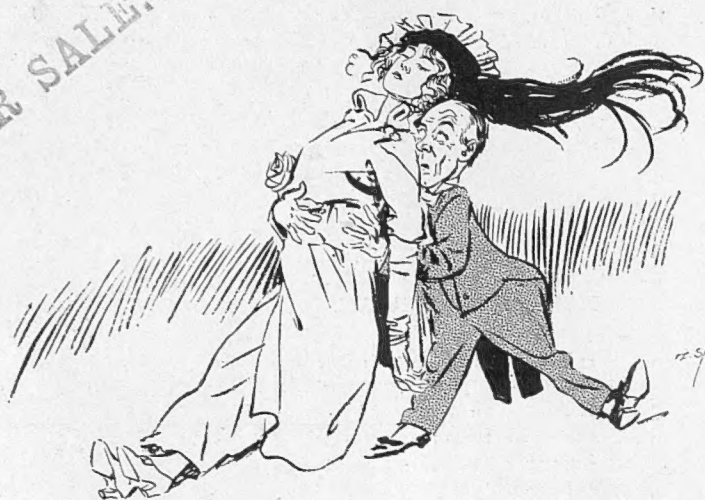


"FILMY" MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE SHAFTESBURY: "THE CINEMA STAR."

The Film Artists. The title "The Cinema Star" rather gives the show away, and infringes the general rule that the name of a piece should have very little to do with it. When you learn that the heroine is a handsome young woman famous as a film actress, and that her name is Louise, you can guess a lot about her. They tell me that film players are rapidly growing to be popular favourites off as well as on the films, are becoming post-carded, and so on, and I have seen posters and huge displayed photographs of the people in question. In fact, the picture-palace owners are trying to boom the performers, which shows they have no more wisdom than theatrical managers, and, like so many Frankenstein's, are creating a collection of devastating monsters. I even notice that legitimate players are working for the rivals whom they denounce, whose rivalry this year seems to have hit the theatres hard. Now I ought to tell you that Louise attracts the guilty passion of a rich elderly man named Clutterbuck. He is not an Adonis; of course not, or otherwise the joke could not be dragged in—"I am a plain man," meaning a man of plain speech, and provoking the retort, "You are," referring to his face. If I were given a five-pound note for every time that I have heard this joke I should be able to abandon journalism and buy Windsor Castle or Sandringham, or some other nice little country place, and settle down as a country gent. You could almost guess that Mrs. Clutterbuck, the second wife, was a bit of a virago, and wished to prevent the love-marriage of her husband's daughter *du premier lit*, to use a queer French phrase. Miss Susie Vaughan played Mrs. Clutterbuck number two, and I was very glad to see her. I suppose she has been in America for a long time, where many of the clever players go. Nobody is so good as she for this class of work—and better work as well. The daughter wanted to marry a cinema actor: she did not know what his profession was, but merely that, like you and me and all the really best people, he had no money. I have never considered seriously the question whether I should care about a cinema actor as son-in-law—I do not at the moment worry seriously over the point, being childless; yet he has a kind of eligibility, if heavily insured at a moderate premium.

Blow the Trumpets. It remains for me to add that the sweetheart of Clutterbuck's daughter had been in love with Louise, the cinema star, and that Pa Clutterbuck was conducting a campaign for the suppression of

if he were working nowadays, he would come to the top, or anywhere near it: I have great doubt, and a sort of feeling that he would spend his life doing beautiful copy, modestly anonymous, at ridiculous rates, the quality of which would be known only by comparatively few people. You have got to beat the big drum in our times, and blow the trumpet too—indeed, it is *l'homme orchestre* who gets on. Do you remember Maupassant's little tale, "L'Homme Orchestre," the poor devil who tramped from village to village making hideous noises? I daresay you have heard this kind of performer in the



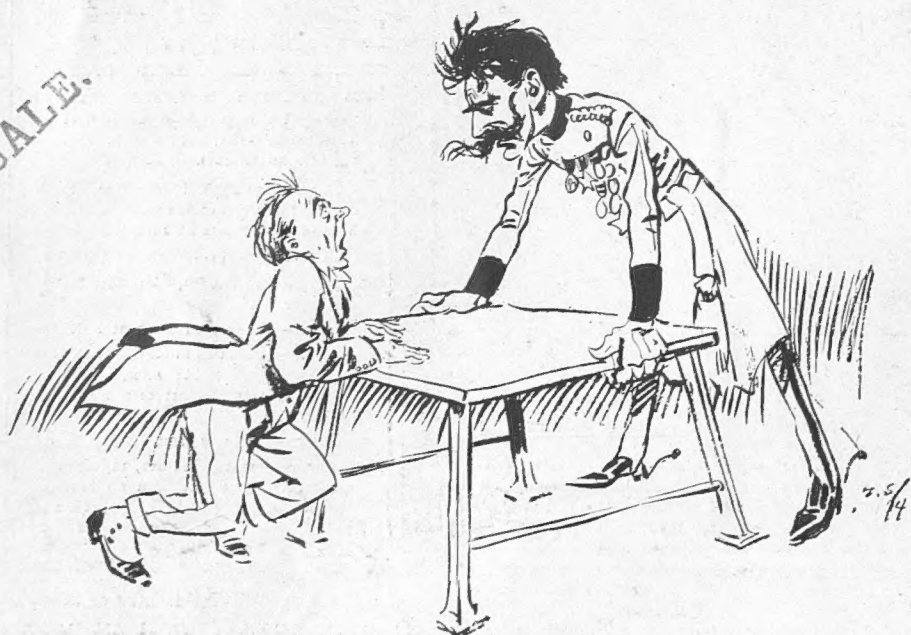
COMPROMISING THE EMINENT MORALIST: LOUISE, THE FILM PRINCESS (MISS DOROTHY WARD), FAINTS IN CLUTTERBUCK'S ARMS (MR. LAURI DE FRECE).

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

country, with drum, triangle, pipe of Pan, cymbals, and *sonnettes*: I have, though I think he is getting rare. The country folk are growing too sophisticated, and scorn him—indeed, they now demand town-standard entertainment, or worse: Paderewski on the pier, Caruso at penny readings, and Russian Dancers on the village green. In "The Cinema Star" the plot is stuck to very gamely, and produces really comical positions, which caused the audience, even on a boiling night, to rock with laughter. It is a merit in such works to keep to the plot at all. In the present instance, one may guess that, having got hold of a plot and a competent company—to say nothing of the music—the management has not worried very much about the dialogue. A great deal of it sounds as if it had been supplied by the low-comedy merchants: they do their best, no doubt. As for the humours of the manager of the film company, who stammers, criticism is silent: I thought there was some law against causing laughter by such means.

Herr Gilbert's Music.

The music, of course, is by Herr Jean Gilbert, universal provider for musical comedy—why, I can't tell, for after hearing one of his scores we seem to have heard all—judging by London productions: and perhaps, in fact, that is why he is so popular. Old jokes and old tunes please our public, which, at "The Cinema Star," seemed ravished by the songs of Miss Dorothy Ward, Miss Courtneidge, Miss Fay Compton, and Mr. Welchman. The first-named, who acts with great vigour, had a prodigious success. Mr. Lauri de Frece bore the comic burden stoutly, and caused roars of laughter. Mr. Lionel Rignold, more restrained than customarily, is quite comic; and so too is Mr. Hestor. I could have wished for dancing of higher quality: it is, however, a notable feature of musical comedy that it has not produced such an admirable collection of dancers as animated its predecessors—a Letty Lind, Sylvia Grey, or Katie Seymour. The mounting of the work is quite up to the standard of the Shaftesbury under its present popular management.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



FRIGHTENING THE MILLIONAIRE MORALIST: MR. LAURI DE FRECE AS CLUTTERBUCK, AND MR. JACK HULBERT AS BILLY, DISGUISED AS A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

picture palaces—I really cannot go on telling facts to you at such a pace: to do so is out of my character, for, like Charles Lamb, I am a matter-of-lie man, not a matter-of-fact man. How I wish I were like him in some other respects! And yet I wonder whether,

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE CINEMA STAR."
FOR SALE.



Louise (Miss Dorothy Ward) Victor de Brett (Mr. Harry Wickham)

Mrs. Clutterbuck (Miss Jessie Vaughan) - Miss Cicely Courtneidge as Phyllis



Mr. Clutterbuck in Difficulties

Freddy (Mr. Lionel Rigold)

Mr. Clutterbuck (Mr. Lauri de Frece)

Crocker (Mr. George Hestor)

TONY SARG/14

THE FARCICAL AND MUSICAL ADVENTURES OF THE FILM PRINCESS AND THE MILLIONAIRE MORALIST:
THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

"The Cinema Star," which is being played at the Shaftesbury, tells in song and | and a 'millionaire moralist, called Clutterbuck, and his daughter. Clutterbuck has
story of the farcical adventures of the principals in a cinematograph film company, | determined to abolish all cinemas, but unwittingly gets filmed.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



THE HEADMASTER OF ETON.

THE Head, as somebody remarked, is all body and heart. With the one he performs at cricket and tennis, and with the other plays havoc with the blasé philosophy of the average schoolboy. He believes in "the sensuous joys of rackets," the "tumultuous glows of tennis," and sees hardly any correspondence between the cold exercises of the intellect and the ecstasies of the field: "Most statesmen and all lawyers," he says with a fine contempt, "shoot not in front of but straight at the bird flying across them." The eminence of "the offenders," as he calls all those who go through life as bunglers in various forms of sport, does not sufficiently compensate him for their bungling.

The Head in Two Minds.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton believes in the glory of physical *expertise*, and, in that sense, cares not a rap for the superior intelligence. He has less patience with the theory that a fine scholar can turn his brain to anything, including the flight of a cricket-ball, than with the notion that a good cricketer is half-way towards the mastery of every department of life. The Head, in other words, is always in two minds about the advantages of head-work. His own contribution to that great problem of the schools, "Are we to go on with Latin verses?" was favourable to a partial loyalty to the desk and the old system; but his is the wide view that includes the futility as well as the usefulness of any code, either of study or discipline, that fails to mould the character of the rising generation, and fails to form a race of men.

Class Questions.

Mr. Lyttelton (and surely he is the only Head ever seriously perturbed by such thoughts) has gone so far as to question the advantages of all education that is unaccompanied by moral direction and control. "At times I have wished that children had never been taught to read a single word," he has said, after observing the uses to which literature may be put and the intellectual degradation that often follows in the footsteps of mere learning. The conception of school as a place in which a boy did his duty if he got through his studies and did well at games, and in which a master did his duty if he kept order in class, is an old one, and persists, to a certain extent, at Eton. Boys still persist in learning a little Greek and Latin, and masters still persist in keeping order: they do these things despite the Head. "Despite," of course, is not quite the right word; but Mr. Lyttelton is the most successful headmaster of modern times because he takes a broader view than did any of his predecessors of the functions of education.

The Parent Difficulty.

As for his heart, it is apparent to anybody who has had five minutes' talk with him or ever heard him speak on serious topics. He not only wears it on his sleeve when it is convenient to do so, but wears it on his sleeve in all sorts of inconvenient and difficult places. Eton itself is a difficult place; and he will address a drawing-room meeting—where half his hearers may be merely curious or flippant—with transparent and admirable honesty. He is frightened neither of boys nor of parents, the two classes of beings against whom the

old-fashioned Head steeled his heart—parents because they were fussy, boys because they were boys, and both because they were "duffers" labouring under an imperfect understanding of Horace and port-wine.

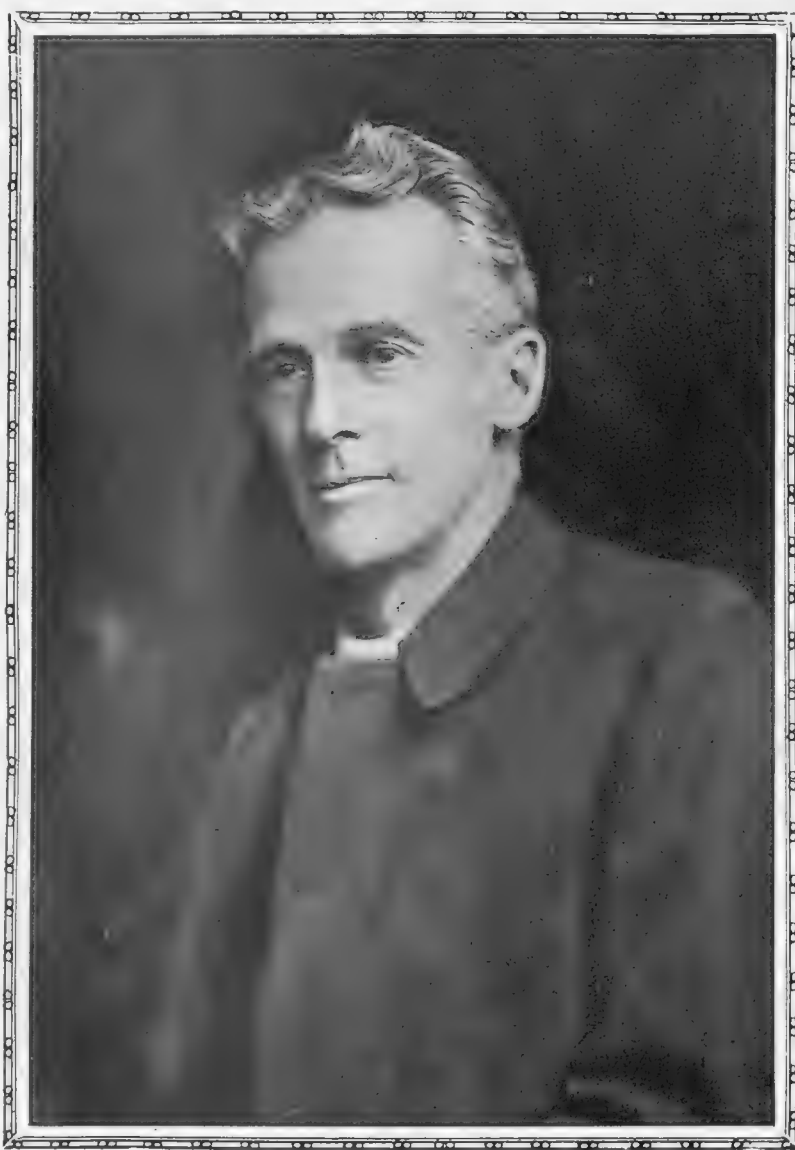
One Courage and Another.

Dr. Lyttelton is proud of being rather more fussy than the ordinary parent. Without sons of his own, he does, nevertheless, appreciate to the full the responsibilities they carry with them. He has the right sort of courage for the tasks he has set himself—the tasks that get him a name for 'goody-goodness' with a class which is content to blink the difficulties of human nature, and, in particular, the difficulties of human nature grown confident and sleek in the knowledge that it has social standing and sufficient wealth to send its offspring to "the best schools." There is much talk nowadays of the "courage" of people who stretch the proprieties, of writers who allow themselves a full share of artistic license, and of a society that is emancipated and modern. Mr. Lyttelton's courage is of a better quality: to haunt mothers' meetings or seek the dissipation of Sunday School requires more boldness than to follow the latest fashion in night-clubs and novels.

Head and Shoulders.

Born in July fifty-nine years ago, Mr. Lyttelton started his career among boys in a family of eight brothers. Eton educated all of them; and all, without exception, won their cricket colours. In these later days the Head's cricket has given place to golf, but his book on the game is still regarded, in and out of Eton, as a classic in its own kind. A tall man,

with the gaunt figure of one who has kept the hardness of his muscles even while losing something of their flexibility, he has the head of a thinker—of a man, that is, who thinks for himself and is confirmed in his own opinions. But the thing that makes his head remarkable is the great kindness of expression that goes with a great firmness of feature: you never know, in looking at him, whether the liberal tolerance of his sympathies or the strictness of his principle has the best of it in the brain behind the kindly eye. He is the best of Heads for the very reason that he is not all head.



THE HEADMASTER OF ETON, WHOSE EXPULSION OF A BOY FROM THE SCHOOL WAS RECENTLY DISCUSSED: THE REV. AND HON. EDWARD LYTTELTON, D.D.

Since the case of a boy expelled from Eton recently for breaking bounds was made public, Dr. Lyttelton has received a letter commending his action from leading members of the "Duty and Discipline Movement," including the Duchess of Newcastle (President), the Earl of Meath, and Viscount Barrington. Dr. Lyttelton is the seventh son of the late Lord Lyttelton, and brother of Viscount Cobham, General Sir Neville Lyttelton, and the late Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. He became Headmaster of Eton in 1905, after being for fifteen years Headmaster of Haileybury. Before that he had held assistant masterships at Eton and at Wellington. He was himself educated at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge. Among his various books on educational subjects are: "Mothers and Sons," "Training for the Young in the Laws of Sex," and "Schoolboys and Schoolwork."—[Photograph by Walter Barnett.]

INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO: SOCIETY AT HURLINGHAM.



1. THE KING'S DOUBLE AT HURLINGHAM: A SPECTATOR BEARING A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO HIS MAJESTY.

3. BACK FROM THEIR VICTORIOUS VISIT TO AMERICA: LORD WIMBORNE (IN WHITE HAT), AND LADY WIMBORNE (HOLDING UP PARASOL).

The King and Queen and the Prince of Wales, with a number of other members of the Royal family, were present at Hurlingham on Saturday for the final of the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup between the teams of the 12th Lancers and the 1st Life Guards. The Lancers won, after a closely contested game, by seven goals to six. Lord Wimborne, fresh from the triumph of his team in America, was present with his

2. INTERESTED SPECTATORS AT THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO FINAL: SIR ROBERT AND LADY BADEN-POWELL.

4. SISTERS: THE HON. MRS. LIONEL WALROND AND LADY DOURO (ON THE RIGHT) WIFE OF THE MARQUESS DOURO.

wife, who had accompanied him to the States. Lady Douro and Mrs. Lionel Walrond are both daughters of Mr. George Coats. Mr. Lionel Walrond, M.P. for Tiverton, and the only son of Lord Waleran, married Miss Lottie Coats in 1904. The Marquess Douro, eldest son of the Duke of Wellington, married Miss Lilian Coats in 1909. They have two children, a son and a daughter.

Photographs by Alfieri, L.N.A., and Topical.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE Royal party went in for none of the more advanced attractions at the White City. The Buffalo Dip was left severely alone, and the Witching Waves were honoured by neither the Duchess of Coburg nor Princess Henry of Battenberg. Their Royal Highnesses did, however, watch with some amusement the exploits of more adventurous visitors; and one charming figure in a flying cloak was observed as it went through all the nerve-racking and bone-shaking delights provided by Lord Kintore and his committee. The figure in the cloak turned out to be Mrs. Raymond Asquith.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN R. R. GRUBB TO-DAY (THE 8TH): MISS RUTH LENEY.

Miss Ruth Leney is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Leney, of The Garden House, Saltwood.

Photo. by Lambert Weston.

heat along the harness and on the polished backs of such a team as Captain Quintin Dick's black-browns. Even Lord Ludlow's chestnuts looked a trifle bored before the day was out; and the Duchess of Somerset's parasol was only big enough for one. The Duke, also of the party, looked quite sunburnt—like everybody who had spent the record week in London without a Panama.

A Coachful. Lord Cheylesmore, faithful to his trust as President, led off the teams at one o'clock, but after making the round of the Park, pursued his obligations no further and the Meet was closed. The general disinclination to go further, added to the paucity of coaches, clearly showed that nobody was in the mood for driving. The Meet would have been smaller still but for the fact that several members had invited largish parties, and could not disband them at a moment's notice.



TO MARRY MR. HAROLD TWIST ON THE 11TH: MISS ELEANOR HARE.

Miss Eleanor Mary Hare is the only daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Richard Hare, and Mrs. Hare, of Folkestone.

Photograph by Lafayette.

A Bridge Party. Lady Henry's surprise bridge was one very successful feature of her dance last Wednesday: it stretched from the terrace of 5, Carlton Gardens to the first floor of the Royal Automobile Club—that is to say, it led from the ball-room to supper and back again. The P. M. and Mrs. Asquith brought a dancing daughter, but Mr. and Mrs. McKenna had

to do their own waltzing, and several other notable Liberals threw off the cares of legislation at Lady Henry's urgent plea. Mr. and Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, Lord and Lady Glenconner, the Lord Chief Justice and Lady Reading were present, with Illingworths and Guests and Peases and Spenders to complete the Party atmosphere.

The Players in Carlton Gardens.

Liberal:

Lady Henry ran no considerable risk of boring Liberal with "the Profession." Lady Tree, the good genius of all crowds, had her usual admiring audience; and Sir Herbert exploited the mystery of the bridge and the excellence of the entertainment with all the arts of the practised showman. Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Mrs. Fred Terry, and Sir George and Lady Alexander helped to remind one that the difference between a player and a politician is easily spanned. Lady Alexander does not, in the indefatigable manner that is Lady Tree's, set out to be amusing; but her gown, like so many that have gone before it, was a source of wonder and delight.



MR. ARTHUR FRIEND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS PHYLLIS HOYSTED WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 7TH).

Mr. Arthur Friend, 7th Dragoon Guards, is the son of the late Mr. James T. Friend, of Northdown, Thanet.

Photograph by Sarony.

On the Lido. After strenuous polo in France, the Duke of Westminster and Lord Dalmeny capitulated to the attractions of the sea. They left, at a moment's notice, for Venice—the only place where their agile ponies could not conveniently follow them. They are full of the advantages of a gondola after hard times in the saddle; and a course of bathing in the Adriatic has proved to be the best sort of treatment for sundry bruises lately acquired in the field.

The Phantom Shes.

Who are the Olympian ladies? After a deal of talk about the presence of women at the boxing contests, one had expected to spy at least a couple of Countesses under Lord Lonsdale's wing at the great fights—or at any rate a few veiled mysteries suggesting shamefaced renegades from Mayfair. As a matter of fact, practically no Society women of importance were gathered round the ring; and several young people who were suspected of going established a sufficient alibi by turning up at the Opera or at dinner-dances.



TO MARRY MISS ELEANOR HARE ON THE 11TH: MR. HAROLD TWIST.

Mr. Harold Godfrey Twist is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Twist, of Dalecote, Coventry.

Photograph by Lafayette.

An Alibi at Mrs. Nelke's.

Many an alibi was satisfactorily established at Mrs. Nelke's dance on the night of the Wells victory. It attracted a smart and therefore suspect group. Thus Lady Drogheda, even if she lends her countenance to the æsthetic prize-fighting of the Futurists and to Bakst, cannot be accused of patronising the Ring; she was at Mrs. Nelke's, with the Countess of Portarlington, Lady Vivian, Lady Randolph Churchill, Miss Hozier, and dozens more, when the result was shouted under the windows of the Ritz.

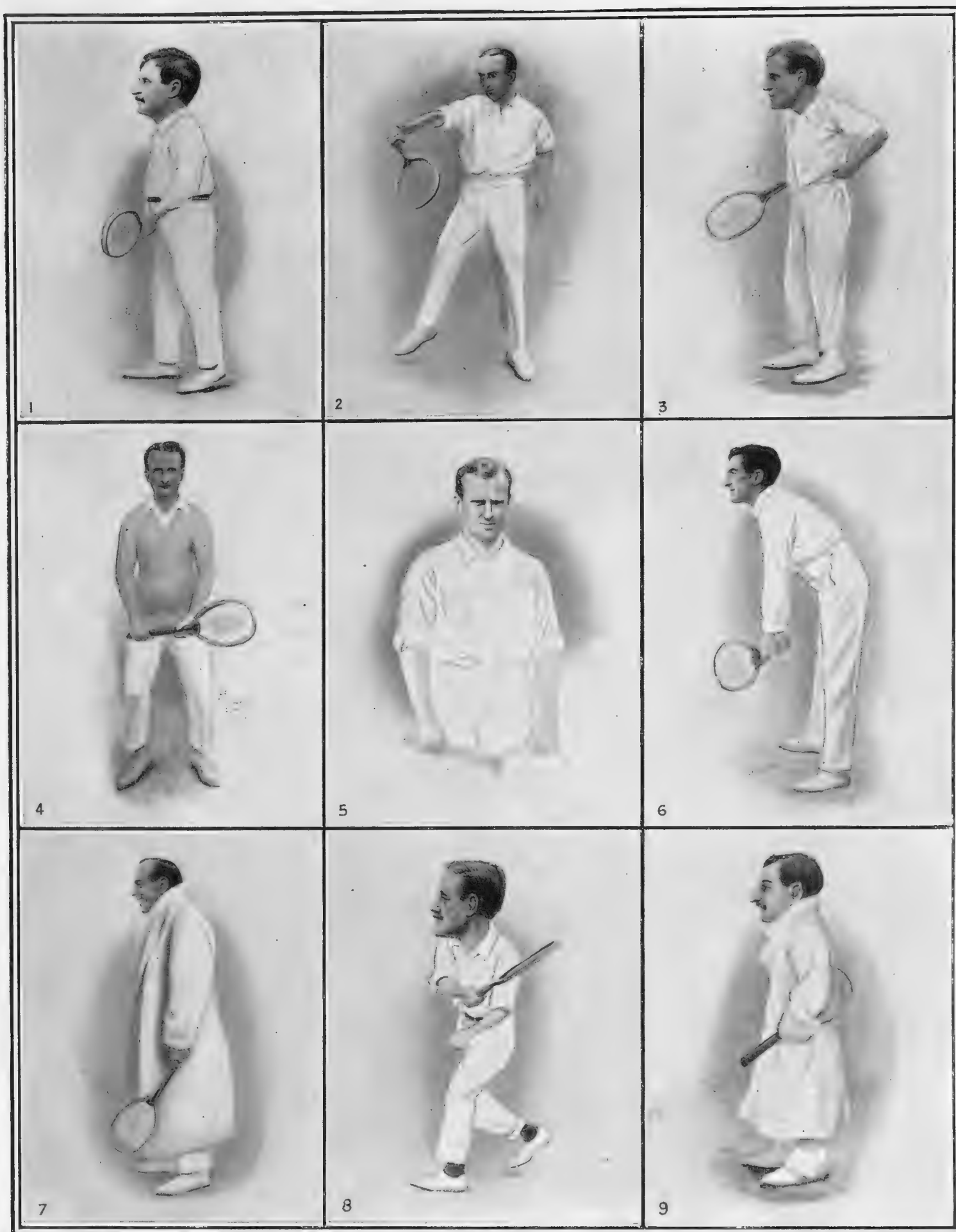


MISS PHYLLIS HOYSTED, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ARTHUR FRIEND WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 7TH).

Miss Phyllis Hoysted is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hoysted, of Elvington Court, near Dover.

Photograph by Sarony.

VERY MUCH MASTERS OF THE "A B C" OF TENNIS.



1. MR. C. P. DIXON.

4. MR. F. G. LOWE.

7. MR. H. ROPER-BARRETT.

2. MR. J. C. PARKE.

5. MR. A. F. WILDING.

8. MR. A. W. GORE.

3. MR. S. N. DOUST.

6. MR. A. E. BEAMISH.

9. MR. T. M. MAVROGORDATO.

Now that the heroes of the lawn-tennis world are so prominent in the public eye, no apology is needed for reproducing some of Mr. H. F. Crowther Smith's clever drawings from his book, "A Lawn-Tennis Alphabet," issued by Messrs. Slazenger, the well-known makers of tennis-balls. The originals of the portraits are in colour, and as the title of the book indicates, each is accompanied by a rhyme on a letter

of the alphabet. For instance—"V for the vigorous volleys which oust And vanquish the various victims of Doust," or again, "'Twas the same on the 'Rugger' field, so I am told: Parke was always a difficult player to hold." The illustrations are, of course, the chief feature of Mr. Crowther Smith's book, and they should provide amusement for all followers of lawn-tennis.

Reproduced from "A Lawn-Tennis Alphabet," rhymed and pictured by H. F. Crowther Smith, Published by Messrs. Slazengers, Ltd.

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IN THE LAND OF THE DJINNOON: MOROCCO—THE TRUE EAST.*

The Manner and Matter of Mr. Holt.

Mr. Holt was not fair to his book when he gave it title. If he will forgive us for saying so, "Morocco the Piquant" sounds a little "cheap"—a sauce to catch the goose—which, emphatically, it is not. The author's style is breezy, or American—which is much the same thing—but it is not banal; and he has truths to tell, however lightly he may choose to touch upon them. Moreover, he has one chapter—the last—which should arouse both thought and discussion. Some may dispute the accuracy of its "findings"; some may argue that it is improbable that the great Mohammedan brotherhood of which Europe is confessedly—if secretly—afraid will make the world of Islam lord it over the world of the Christian in the not very remote future; none dare say that it is impossible that the followers of the Prophet will rule the worshippers of the Cross. But that is a serious matter, and so out of *The Sketch's* province. Let us turn to the lighter things, if we may call light beliefs which, after all, are akin to those superstitions which make some of us afraid to sit thirteen at table or walk under ladders, and touch wood to avert evils which may come of boasting!

"Mr. Fred. W. Djinn."

So to djinnoon—and may they mean "Every day happiness bows to you, saying good-morning with great respect, while those who are envious of you are under your feet. May all your days continue to be white, and the days of your enemies black." That is a good wish, for the mysterious beings are very powerful. An you be a magistrate not beyond corruption, they may cause little bags of gold to be deposited mysteriously upon your official desk; generally they are less welcome. "There is no caste among the Moors when it comes to a belief in spirits. From Mohamed to his Shareefian Majesty on his throne, the trust in good *djinnoon* and the fear of evil spirits is overwhelming. . . . For example, in all the country there is no building erected by natives which has a cellar. The explanation is simple—the evil spirits have their abodes in the ground, and to dig into the earth is undoubtedly to disturb the spirits, who will take pleasure in devoting an unlimited amount of time—spirits being immortal—to punish the destroyer of their domestic peace. 'Yes,' says Mr. Fred. W. Djinn to his good wife, 'I have business on hand. You may expect me back for luncheon, say, about 1976. I'm going out to bother Mohamed the farmer, who tickled my tail with his plough yesterday.' That is why crude wooden ploughs are used. "With unnumbered apologies to the *djinnoon* whose nests are not deep sunk in the earth, and with copious libations and ceremonies to appease their wrath, the native Moroccan scratches the earth with his plough and trusts to Allah that the crops may be sufficient."

Djinnoons and Things Akin.

That is by no means all, Mr. Holt would have you know. The architect has to reckon with things every whit as disturbing as cellars. Many, including Mark Twain, have commented upon the absence of windows in Morocco. The fact is: "*Djinnoon* cannot fly into a house that has no windows except through the door. And this contingency is provided against by having each door open upon a blank wall running parallel to the door side of the house and forming a passage-way just inside the door. Spirits cannot turn corners; thus the *djinn* who manages to steal through the doorway finds himself butting up against the wall, and has no resource but to reverse his propeller and back out—unless he would remain eternally pressing his nose up against the mortar." That, if we remember rightly, is an idea current also in China; or is it Japan? Potent charms must also be

reckoned with—written lines, and texts from El Koran swallowed, and weird mixtures of herbs and powdered lizards and spiders and unmentionably disgusting things. . . . The use of love-potions is somewhat widespread among both the Moors and the Spaniards. Similar potions are used, and those of Spain were probably introduced by the Moors during their occupancy of the Iberian Peninsula, and left as a legacy to the Spaniards upon their departure." When Mr. Holt visited his Excellency Sid Drees ben Mohamed ben Omar, he knew well enough, too, that woman is a subject taboo among Moslems of good standing, and no mention of the fairer sex was made to one who was continually fingering the beads of his rosary—ninety-and-nine, representing the virtuous attributes of Allah. "One never asks a high-class Moor about the health of his wife, any more than one uses the vulgar word 'death' in the presence of the Sultan, or the word 'five' ('four and one' is the correct way) before

one's superior. And if, by chance, the word 'woman' must be used, one's listeners are entitled to a word of apology immediately after it is uttered."

"Solomon's Seal."

Fortunately, there are ways out of trouble. The imprint of the "lucky hand" upon the threshold of your house is calculated to cause confusion in the soul of any spirit on evil intent. You may eat a written charm. Mystic powers may be yours if you wear or use or have amongst the decoration of your dwelling "Solomon's seal" or "Solomon's ring," which is believed by the Moors to be the very insignia used by King Solomon. This is its conventional form—



"It is claimed . . . that this design contains every letter and every numeral of every written ancient language, and some of the modern ones. It is certain that it contains the more or less conventionalised letters of the English alphabet, and the numerals. The latter may be discovered as follows—I. Z. Z."



OUR FRIENDLY RIVAL: MR. TEDDY HUSKISSON (CENTRE) AND HIS CHARMING WIFE (RIGHT).

This photograph was taken after the Midnight Ball in the not very early hours of the morning—in fact, to say "after breakfast" would not be an exaggeration, as breakfast was served to the guests on that occasion. Mr. Huskisson is, as everyone knows, the Editor of our friendly rival, the "Tatler."—[Photograph by Topical.]

* "Morocco the Piquant; or, Life in Sunset Land." By George Edmund Holt. (William Heinemann; Illustrated; 6s. net.)

BLAST !

FOR SALE.



AFTER YOU'VE HOPPED BRISKLY OUT OF THE WAY OF WHAT SOUNDS LIKE A SIXTY-HORSE POWER—

FOR SALE



YOU SEE THIS COME ALONG !

DRAWN BY ALFRED, LEETR.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MAN WHO WAS JONAH.

By THE AUTHOR OF "BACHELORS' BUTTONS."

HE came on board rather late—a man who was noticeable only by his utter insignificance. He was red-haired, and announced that he was Scotch and answered to the name of MacTavis. We were not interested, and let him see it.

The ship was taking home a number of millionaires, and we kept ourselves pretty select, for though I wasn't a millionaire as yet, there was every prospect that I soon might be, and I wasn't going to mix with any pauper crowd. MacTavis had "fool" and "failure" written all over him.

The thought of returning to the old country, and a life of ease and luxury, was sweet to us all.

And if that little fiend didn't go out of his way to tell us that we had no chance of so returning; that he was a Jonah.

Two days off our first port of call, a nasty little storm blew up, and we were in the smoking-room discussing it—carelessly enough—when MacTavis entered, looking very queer. We had let him see that the smoking-room sacred to men of substance was no place for him, and were surprised as well as annoyed at this intrusion.

"I might have known it," he groaned, hiding his face in his hands. "Oh, my unhappy——"

"Find the steward and get out of here," commanded a young fellow who had got in on the ground floor of a shady speculation, with excellent results as far as he was personally concerned. Perkins his name was, if I remember correctly—J. Mannah Perkins, rather a bumptious young chap.

"It's not sea-sickness," returned MacTavis, groaning more than ever; "I only wish that, for your sakes, it was! Now, don't try and force it out of me, you fellows! You'll be happier not knowing."

Of course, Perkins forced it out there and then; he was that sort of a chap.

"What's your unhappy fate to us?" he demanded scornfully.

"Only too much," returned the criminal little beast; "it'll bring off a wreck——"

"Rot, man! there's no danger," I cried.

"Not yet," he agreed readily; "there never is at first. I just get a warning. It starts with this sort of preliminary to remind me of my curse——"

"Your curse?" gibed Perkins. "Ha, ha!"

"The curse of being Jonah," said MacTavis, shuddering.

He seemed to feel it dreadfully. I'm not sure that I didn't begin to feel it a bit myself, not that I am at all superstitious—such bosh! Still, it was a disgusting, selfish sort of thing for a man to be, and most unpleasant for his fellow-voyagers.

"Jonah? Oh, the chap that swallowed whales to work miracles," said the richest millionaire. Considering he had been a clergyman's son before he became a millionaire, I felt he ought to have known a little better. "What's Jonah got to do with it?" he added.

"Jonah was the chap who was thrown overboard to save the ship," broke in Perkins rather balefully. The Scot was weak as he was shabby, one of the ineffective ones, born to go to the wall.

"It wouldn't save this ship," returned the Jonah sadly; "though, being drowned, the chucker-out would escape hanging all right, though hanging's quicker, they say."

"What d'yer mean?" asked the richest millionaire sharply.

MacTavis burst into tears. "I'm worse than the other Jonah," he sobbed; "that fellow was only in one shipwreck after all, and

hadn't any need to be so set up in consequence, but this will be my fourth."

There was quite a long silence.

"Still, you're here safe and sound," said Perkins at length, with rather a forced laugh, and added, "Worse luck!" Though he was going home to be married to a girl he hadn't seen for twelve years, poor chap, he was yet in no mind to be drowned.

MacTavis cheered a little at that. "Oh, yes," he owned, "I always get saved; but I lose by it, man, I lose by it! Last time three suits as good as new, and this time five pairs of buckskin boots and lots of odds and ends. My poor wife and family can never understand how it is that their presents are always missing. It's hard, I often think." He blew his nose pathetically.

There was another pause.

Then the richest of us all cleared his throat and voiced that question in the mind of all. "And what happened to the other passengers?" he inquired carelessly, and hummed a little tune. Still, you could have heard a pin drop.

The Jonah writhed, "Don't ask me!" he implored.

Somebody shivered and said there was a draught, and the richest millionaire, going red and pale, said he *did* ask, and he demanded an answer.

"I've known some of them saved," replied the Jonah thankfully.

"Oh, have you! That's something at least," snorted Perkins. "What do you call 'some'?"

"In the first ship quite half were saved."

"And out of the second?" demanded Perkins without any bounce whatsoever.

"We weren't quite so lucky that time, but a good many of the wives and children were got off. It was the *Peregrine*."

We all knew about the *Peregrine*. It had been a bad business.

"We don't happen to be wives or children," exploded someone, "or even to be travelling with any—of our own."

"I do hope I shan't have their deaths on my mind as well," cried MacTavis fervently.

That "as well" sent a shudder through me, but I merely asked him the name of the third ship he had honoured with his devastating presence.

He would not tell us for some time; then, with a fresh burst of tears, he owned to the *Flying Swan*.

"The *Flying Swan*!" we echoed in horror.

"Yes. I was very upset about it."

We were upset, too. However, I reminded him that out of that terrible shipwreck there had been but one survivor, and he a passenger of the name of Brown.

MacTavis bowed his murderous head. "I know," he said; "I was Brown."

He explained that he never shipped twice under the same name. No ship would accept him if they knew, though, once they had taken him on board, they were compelled by law to carry him to his destination, or at least attempt to. He added that he would not have come if he could possibly have helped it, for apart from the discomfort to himself, and the loss of good clothes and presents for family, he hated being in wrecks, and was sure many worthy lives, as well as others, were lost. A fortune depended upon his being in London by a certain date, and he had his wife and seven children to think of.

[Continued overleaf.]

FREE TURNS.

FOR SALE.



FOR SALE.

WHY GO TO THE REVUES? THERE IS ALWAYS A HEARTY LAUGH TO BE FOUND IN THE SUBURBS.

DRAWINGS BY G. S. SHERWOOD.

"You're young to have seven children," growled a fierce voice.

"She married me when I was eighteen," said the Jonah dejectedly; "and there's twins and things. I've got to be in London by the seventh."

"The ship's due in on the first. You could have come by a later boat."

"I always allow a week for—eventualities. I'll probably have to be picked up by another boat."

"Then you actually board a boat when you know there's no chance of it arriving at its destination?"

"No chance for the ship; but I arrive all right," returned the brute. "And now my opportunity—"

"To be drowned," said the richest millionaire with grim satisfaction.

The Jonah opened his foolish little eyes wide. "Oh, but I can't be drowned," he stated positively; "I was born with a caul. A fellow who's born with a caul couldn't be drowned if he wanted to be. It's a veil of skin when you're born, and, of course, you've got to keep it on you always. Perhaps some of you chaps were born with cauls—I'm sure I hope so."

None of us could, however, remember being born with a caul. The presumptuous little beast showed us his—just a bit of dried skin he wore round his neck in a locket.

"Looks more like a bit of pig's-bladder than anything," I said.

"A pig's-bladder won't go far in the saving line," he said, putting it carefully away. "You wouldn't believe the offers I've had for this."

"Then why doesn't it save the people who travel with you?" someone demanded.

The Jonah replied that, unluckily, it couldn't do that. It was very wonderful, but its power was limited. It saved the person who was born with it if he kept it, or the person who bought it from him. Beyond that it could not go.

"I wouldn't be seen dead with it!" exclaimed Perkins furiously.

"You couldn't be," said the Jonah; "at least, not drowned dead. I feel as if your deaths will be on my soul for ever and ever! It's simply terrible for me—you have no idea!"

"It's terrible enough for us," snarled the richest millionaire.

"But it's so simple for you," said the fiend; "you don't live to endure remorse. It's all over in a few minutes, sometimes even less—when spars and things biff you on the head."

"It's all something superstition!" swore Perkins, white to the lips. "I don't believe a word of it!"

We all swore we didn't.

"I hoped it was just silly superstition myself," said the Jonah, "and I go on hoping it may be; only when, for the third time, I found myself alone in the only seaworthy boat, billows and drowning faces all around me—"

"How did you come to be in the only seaworthy boat?" demanded an indignant chorus.

"I couldn't help it. It wasn't my doing. It was the caul. Sometimes it can't manage as well as that, does things less comfortable-like—it's been a raft, a bit of floating wreck, and wet feet, before now. Still, it knows its job; I'll say that for it. It has to get me away from the others—who are doomed, poor things, having no cauls—and it pulls that off every time. It's never gone back on me yet. As soon as I'm fixed on my wreckage or raft, it diverts a first-class steamer out of its course to pick me up and carry me on, and the passengers pass round their clothes and the whisky-bottle."

"A storm like this won't wreck a boat," growled the richest millionaire.

"Oh, no; this is just the preliminary canter to warn me to freeze on to my caul and sleep in thick clothes. Then another one gets up in mid-ocean . . . but don't ask me for any harrowing details."

Of course, young Perkins asked him, and we had them. I do not think I had quite realised the awfulness of shipwreck before, or death by drowning. The Jonah had a graphic touch.

"All the same, I don't believe it," I insisted, "or anything about your silly pig's-bladder of a caul either—"

"One forgives the dying," said MacTavis solemnly. "I forgive you for your irreverence; but when the waters are closing over your head for the last time—"

Perkins plucked at my sleeve. "For goodness' sake don't irritate him," he exclaimed, "else he'll go and bring it on us right away—the little blighter!"

"Any man with a conscience would stay on shore," said the richest of us very bitterly. His own conscience had let him amass money easily enough. He was not haunted by the pinched faces of widows and orphans.

"I cannot let my wife and children starve," lamented MacTavis. "What would I not sacrifice to bring them ease and wealth—my dear ones!"

"You mean you are prepared to sacrifice us?"

"Not willingly; I would give anything to avoid it. Then there are my clothes to think of. I tell you, it makes a bad impression when a chap comes home time after time in borrowed togs several sizes too large. The minister down our way alludes to it in his sermon, and my poor wife is always having to give up going to chapel. Sometimes I think that the caul might put itself a little more into landing my things as well as me, but I don't like to seem ungrateful."

"You're worse than the devil himself," shouted the richest millionaire. "After all, the devil lets you alone in this world once you've had your little understanding; but you never let anyone alone."

Jonah did not seem to resent this term. He turned away more in sorrow than in anger. He seemed almost to see us drowning all around him, and hanged if we didn't see it too!

The richest millionaire controlled himself. "Look here," he said directly, "in two days we reach the last port of call, and either you get off or we. Naturally, the greater number should be considered, and it just amounts to this: how much will you take to clear out for good and all?"

MacTavis was furious at such an insulting suggestion, and refused to consider it.

"Lose a fortune," he cried, "my sole chance! Rob my darling wife and children—there were seven last time I was at home, and there may be more now for all I know! I will die first—or rather, let you! I've struck a ship full of nervy cowards, bung up with silly rotten superstitions—Jonahs and cauls and what not! You made me tell you against my will. You need not have known anything at all, just have been comfortably drowned—if it isn't just superstition, after all. I tell you, I've got a fortune on this deal, and I mean to have it!"

Perkins asked him at what figure he put his somethinged fortune, and the reply rather took our breath away. It seemed incredible at first. Still, most of us had known queer deals, and equally amazing turns of Fortune's wheel.

Anyway, we could none of us disprove it.

So we subscribed, and told everybody else, and they subscribed too, the poorest sailor no whit behind, and MacTavis landed at the next port of call a rich man, and said how glad he was to have done us such a good turn, and to think we should never know the horrors he had gone through.

We sincerely trusted we should never see his face again, and determined in the future to examine all passengers before deciding to sail, and to get off at once should he turn up.

There was no doubt the thing worked like a charm. Only two days later we got into the most terrific storm, and the captain was very anxious. I think he wondered if he could save the ship. We had no anxiety at all, but we shuddered to think of what might have happened.

So we landed all right and up to time.

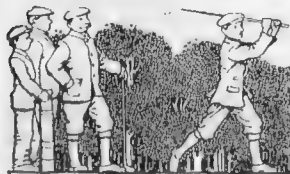
Perkins, who could never leave well alone, must needs get on the track of MacTavis and his career and tell us the result. A wiser man would have left us in ignorance and retained our friendship.

First, it appeared MacTavis's name was not MacTavis at all; neither was he a Scotchman. He hailed from Wales and prison and other places. Secondly, he wasn't married. Thirdly, he had never been in a shipwreck in his life—though he had worked the same game successfully before.

He is now, I believe, a rich and much respected member of his community.

As for the caul, it really was a piece of pig's-bladder, as I found when I had it analysed. (I forgot to say I overbid Perkins and finally obtained it.) But it served one purpose: it cured me—at considerable cost—of superstition.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS



THE CLOSE OF THE CHAMPIONSHIPS : THE DEFEAT OF THE AMERICANS : AN ANGLO-AMERICAN COMPETITION.

A Welcome Relief. Some thousands of sighs of relief will be given this week at the close of the big championship season. The French Open event at Le Touquet on Monday and Tuesday of this week virtually concluded the list of events, for though a number of the professionals are going on to Antwerp for the Belgian Championship, which is to take place there next Saturday, this fixture is hardly first-class at present, even though there may be quite a number of champions and possible champions playing. The event will serve a good purpose this year, however, in advertising the fact that there is golf to be had at Antwerp, as many hundreds of golfers who go that way from Harwich do not seem to know. Not only is it quite good golf, judged on the Continental standard, but the club, having been established in 1888, is

created an excellent impression wherever he went. Although I did not believe he was really capable of winning any of our championships, it is the simple truth that he never played anything like his best game while he was in this country. In the qualifying rounds at Troon he came nearest to it; but at Prestwick, as elsewhere, he was always hampered by a deficiency in iron strokes, and especially by his inability to stop the ball. He, like many others, complained that the course was rather unfairly bunkered, and there was one of his rounds in which he declared that he was trapped oftener than he had ever been in his life before, and that his niblick must have got red-hot with all the bunker work it had to do! People wonder now however it was that he came to beat Vardon and Ray as he did at Brookline last September. The best explanation is that a miracle happened on that occasion, but beyond this—if there is anything beyond a miracle—it may be said, for one thing, that the American on that occasion played the game of his life, as he may not play it again for some time (though he has certainly the makings of a great golfer in him, and will improve); and, for another, that the conditions under which that championship was won were such as to nullify completely his deficiencies in iron play. It was raining all the time during the closing stages, and the course of the Country Club was thoroughly sodden, so that the ball stopped pretty well where it pitched, whatever kind of shot was played. I am sure that that helped him very considerably.

Another Attempt. Now I have had letters from America in which it is said that as the people there are seriously dissatisfied with the results achieved by their representatives, and



THE OPENING OF THE NEW COURSE AT CAMBERLEY : J. H. TAYLOR, PUTTING ON THE THIRD GREEN, AND EDWARD RAY (ON THE RIGHT) IN AN EXHIBITION GAME.

The new course of the Camberley Heath Golf Club, one of the most picturesque within easy reach of London, was formally opened the other day. Exhibition games were played by Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, Edward Ray, and P. J. Gaudin, to mark the occasion. In the medal play in the morning, Vardon made the best score—77, and Ray was next with 78. In the afternoon Vardon and Gaudin beat Taylor and Ray in a foursome by 4 up and 3 to play.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

the oldest in Belgium. There are eighteen holes, and the length of the round is about 5700 yards, the course generally being rather flat in character, with gentle undulations, and quite a suggestion of seaside features here and there. It is out at Cappellenbosch. With this minor event we shall come really to the end of the chain of championships that began with the ladies' tournament at Hunstanton, and has been continued since with practically no interruption. Of course, there is the Welsh Amateur Championship at Ashburnham in August, and the Irish Open Amateur event at Portrush in the beginning of September; but these are in a quite different category, and are more or less in the nature of holiday engagements, and very acceptable indeed to those who take an interest in them. There can be no doubt that this year we have had far too much of the championship business in every way, and everybody is sick and tired of it. There is proof of that in the diminished interest that was taken by the general public (apart from the crowds that swarmed on the Prestwick links from Glasgow, in the Open Championship this year), though the circumstances were as interesting as they could possibly be.

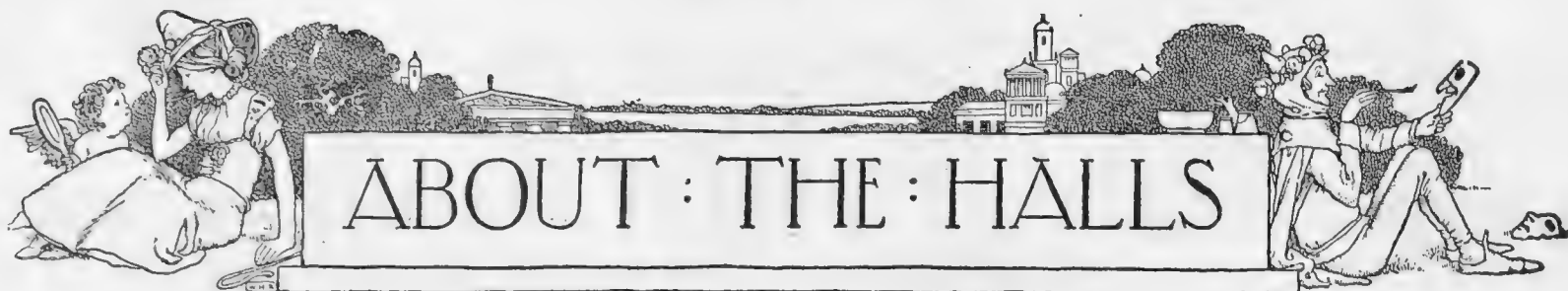
America Wonders. Of course, the Americans have been largely responsible for the state of affairs that has obtained this season. They are all now back again in their own country, and America is still wondering and inquiring how all the things that came to happen in Britain did so. Mr. Ouimet was the last to depart, and in doing so he frankly stated that British golf was far too good for his countrymen at the present time, and he would tell them so when he got home. The young Bostonian is a first-class sportsman, and by his frank, open-hearted manner he



ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE LINKS NEAR LONDON : THE NEW COURSE AT CAMBERLEY AMONG SURREY PINES—A VIEW TOWARDS THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH HOLES.

do not by any means believe that it is impossible for them to win the Amateur Championship at the present time, they will make a bigger attack on it than ever next season, and will organise it more carefully and more thoroughly—make it more of a national matter. The event will take place next year at Muirfield. Mr. Travers told me that he would not go to Muirfield. Mr. Ouimet may come again. There is talk of Mr. Oswald Kirkby (who is one of the best of American players, though he has never risen to championship honours), Mr. Warren K. Wood, and Mr. W. C. Fownes (an ex-champion) coming over, and others also. But the Americans seem to be getting very keen on the idea of establishing a team competition between themselves and us, as apart from all questions of championships, into which much luck must necessarily enter and merit never be exactly indicated. They would like to have something on the lines of the Davis Cup competition in tennis, six a side, with thirty-six holes singles and thirty-six holes four-ball matches. Such a contest would undoubtedly be a very attractive thing, but I fear there would be great difficulty in bringing our people to make a start at it.

HENRY LEACH.



THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND'S PLAY, AND OTHERS.

UNDER the title of "Sir John and the Couturière," a little play written by the Marchioness Townshend was produced at the Coliseum last week. It was the afternoon when the heat-wave fairly began, a phenomenon which curtailed the audience considerably, and which at the same time limited the powers of the spectators very noticeably in the matter of laughter and applause. But in spite of these disabilities the piece was a distinct success. It

told of the visits of the little dress-maker to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Morston, which is also frequented by Sir John Morston, from whom, apparently, the owners of the house have expectations. Sir John is a sentimental person who, six years ago in Paris, fell violently in love with a little French girl who helped him to re-find his lost way, and now in the dressmaker he perceives some likeness to her. After something of a scene with his sister and a proposal to the *couturière*, he is treated to a vision of the lady of his love letting down her hair, and he is duly engaged to his little protectress of six



FAVOURITES OF THE RING — BUT OF DIFFERENT RINGS: "FREDDIE" WELSH AND BERNARD DILLON.

It was arranged that yesterday (the 7th) "Freddie" Welsh should meet Willie Ritchie for the Light-Weight Boxing Championship of the World at Olympia. He is here seen with Bernard Dillon, the famous jockey, and husband of Marie Lloyd.

years ago. Such is the Marchioness's sketch, and it suits its purpose quite adequately. The audience roused itself from its languor and laughed at intervals, and at the close gave the piece as hearty a reception as the temperature would allow. It must be admitted that her Ladyship has secured a very capable company to interpret her work. Mr. Malcolm Cherry played the part of the Baronet with ease and humour, and the part of Mademoiselle was well rendered by Miss Sybil Cuthbert. Miss Helen Ferrers was well suited to the interpretation of Mrs. Morston, and Mr. Vance Tempest did everything that could be done in the character of her husband. The Marchioness, who has already produced one or two cinematograph pieces with noticeable success, is to be congratulated upon her effort, and, in view of the reception accorded to her exertions, may be safely recommended to pursue the dramatic career upon which she has started.

The Latest Revue. Not being accustomed to air grievances, I feel some hesitation in making a complaint, but must overcome it at all hazards. Last week I went to the Victoria Palace full of genial anticipation, and I came away a disappointed man. The hall announced that it was about to produce an All-English Revue with a plot, and thither I hastened full of agreeable hopes. Alas! these ended in my dismay. "On the Move," as the piece was called, was just as other revues—completely plotless; and as I sat in the heated atmosphere waiting for what was not, a sense of grievance sat heavy upon me. "On the Move," to tell the exact truth, is much as other revues are. It is in five scenes, beginning with the Hotel Ritz, and passing through such variegated climes as the Royal Academy, Trafalgar Square, Cloudland, and an Apple Orchard in Canada; and though I strove hard to distinguish the semblance of something approaching a plot, I sought in vain.

Of this new production, the book and the lyrics are the work of Mr. Arthur Stigant, and the music is by Mr. Mark Story. They have strung together a more or less promiscuous entertainment of the sort now in vogue, terminating in the scene in the Canadian orchard, with a long love-duet between an Indian brave and an equally Indian maid. Perhaps the best scene represented is the fourth, in which Miss Lily Iris (as Lady Victoria Pery), and Mr. Stephen Adeson appear in an aeroplane which is suspended in floating clouds. They certainly made the most of their opportunities, and roused laughter from an audience somewhat oppressed by the heat. Mr. Adeson, indeed, strove very hard all through to amuse, and succeeded more often than not in extracting cachinnation from his hearers. But, taking it on the whole, the latest thing in revues cannot be considered an over-striking triumph.

In Hot Holborn. While the temperature was still at its highest point, I paid a visit to the Holborn Empire, where, amid a programme of great variety, I witnessed "The Hairdresser," which was defined in the programme as a Society Episode in which Joe Peterman presented Jimmy Learmouth, the inimitable comedian. Here I found a house far from crowded, as might well be expected, but quite prepared to laugh upon due provocation, and Jimmy Learmouth duly provided cause for merriment. I seemed to have seen the sketch played before by different people, but the present performers proved perfectly satisfactory to the house. The beginning, which had suffered the most alteration, took place in a barber's shop, from which, after much clowning, all the attendants retired, leaving Mr. Learmouth to appear before a house in which the owner was leaving his wife to go to the club. In revenge, she invites the comedian inside, and in the next scene, after considerable rough-and-tumble fun, the ex-hairdresser agrees to dance a dance with her, appearing in a ridiculous costume, and bringing down the curtain with results quite satisfactory. Mr. Jimmy Learmouth is a comedian who is perfectly able to perform his part in a show of this kind, and he certainly evoked all the amusement that could be expected during the terrific heat; and he was supported with complete satisfactoriness by Miss Ruby Ballard and by Mr. George Ricketts. "The Hairdresser" is hardly a work of the highest dramatic conception, but it undoubtedly gave a great deal of simple joy to the frequenters of the Holborn Empire.



THE "FILM PRINCESS" AND HER BABY: MISS DOROTHY WARD (MRS. SHAUN GLENVILLE) AND HER LITTLE SON.

Our photograph shows "Louise," the Cinema Princess of the Shaftesbury Theatre, in private life—that is, Mrs. Shaun Glenville with her seven-months-old son, Peter Patrick Glenville.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MOTURING EXTRAORDINARY: THE ALPINE TRIALS: IN MUD, STORM, AND FLOOD.

A Strenuous Trial Indeed.

This year's great struggle in the Alps quite eclipsed its predecessors, and in the way of interest, incident, and excitement made up a theme upon which volumes might be written. What was in the ordered programme was sufficient to fill up the cup of one's keenness to the brim; but Nature had her own say in the matter, and the sequel was shown in some dramatic interludes. In the first place, bad weather nearly "wrecked the show" at the outset. So abnormal had been the rainfall right up to the eve of the contest that the very first day seemed likely to produce a tragi-comedy. The roads were as nearly impassable with mud as could be without actually stopping the cars, and on the top of this came more rain, with lightning and rolling thunder at close quarters. The scene on the awful ascent known as the Pack Pass beggars description; it is one long series of deep gulleys, across a gradient of about 1 in 4, and on the day in question was covered with a veritable sea of mud, through which cars wallowed and rolled for all the world like a motor-boat in a rough sea without a rudder. Big cars stuck simply because the wheels would not bite on the grease; and what with ploughing through the mud, and sinking into and rising out of the gulleys, at an angle of extraordinary acuteness, the spectacle was such as I had never before witnessed in all my long experience of motoring contests, or could have conceived as possible to occur. That nearly all the cars survived the ordeal was a veritable marvel; but one of the victims was, unfortunately, an English amateur competitor—Sir Everard Duncombe, Bt., whose Wolseley, as it sank into the soft ground of one of the deep *caniveaux*, happened to strike a stone, and thus bent its cross-member supporting the gear-box and buckled up the frame.

Cheerful Interludes.

Having survived this preliminary buffeting, the competitors enjoyed better weather for a time, but Nature was not to be denied. First of all she contrived to burst a dam at the top of a hill, and a flood of water, mud, and stones came pouring down on to the main road, which was most effectually blocked before half the competitors had passed. On the very next morning the cars set off at five o'clock to ascend the Brenner Pass, only to be turned back by a landslide at Blumau, three miles from Bozen. These were relatively cheerful interludes, however, to the final display of Nature's wrath, for a cyclone sprang up in the neighbourhood of Salzburg which swept away a bridge on the main road. Fortunately, most of the competitors had passed the spot, but several had to turn back, while one did not arrive until after dark, and narrowly escaped a plunge into the swollen stream.

Struck by Lightning.

This particular competitor was Roberts, the driver of the Singer, and he had already had a special manifestation of elemental force for his own exclusive benefit. A flash of lightning struck either himself or the car, he believes; at all events, he was blinded for the moment and struck a bank. The front axle was doubled in consequence, and as he had no mechanic to help him, being on a two-seated car, he had no option but to set about repairing matters single-handed.

He had no better forge than a cottage fire, but in this primitive workshop he contrived, after several hours' work, to set the car on the road again. Thus it was, therefore, that he reached the scene of the flood in the dark, and one can imagine his feelings in being robbed of a triumphant finish after so plucky a fight with Fate in the peasant's hovel.

English Cars' Good Performances.

As for the normal difficulties of the trial, goodness knows they were colossal and numerous enough. The Loibl, Katschberg, and Tauern by way of steepness, the Pordoi and Falzarego by way of height, and the Kreuzberg, Niederalp, and Pack—not to mention others—by way of countless gulleys, were formidable as ever; but the organisers' trump-card was a pass never before heard of—the Turracherhöhe—and this proved to be the quintessence of everything that

was vile. It was lofty, it was appallingly steep, and it was as full of gulleys as a Christmas pudding is of plums. Never were cars set such a task, and it has to be recorded that to several it proved insuperable, and that horses which had been "thoughtfully provided" had to be utilised to enable the competitors to resume their journey. All these obstacles notwithstanding, it cannot be denied that the English cars acquitted themselves with distinction. Mr. Radley's Rolls-Royce was always in the van, and finished first every day but the one on which he missed his way; and he went through the whole trial without a stop or without earning a single penalty-mark in the examination for condition after trial. The Austin and the Vauxhall had each only one stop on the road, from minor causes; and the Armstrong-Whitworth was pointless up to the last day, when it had engine-trouble in the speed trial, and would have probably come through all right at normal speed. Even the Singer finished the course, which is a great deal to say of a two-seater 10-h.p. car on a



GETTING RUN OVER ON PURPOSE: A REAL "FILM PRINCESS" IN A SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS RÔLE.

Actors and actresses who perform for the benefit of patrons of the cinema take many risks in providing new thrills. Our photograph shows Miss Jean Dekay being run into by a motor-car for the benefit of an American film.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

journey of some 1800 miles in eight days over extraordinary roads. English cars, it has been abundantly proved, can hold their own even under foreign conditions if suitably equipped for the special circumstances of the case, and in the Alpine trial of 1914 they have performed with more credit than in any previous event in motoring annals.



COLONEL SEELY (X) ON THE WING: FLYING IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS SUCCESSOR.

When Mr. Asquith, as Minister of War, went to Netheravon to inspect the Army Flying Corps, Colonel Seely went for a flight over Salisbury Plain for the edification of his successor.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



LADY NORTHCLIFFE has no need of Henley or the flowers of Holland House. A little river of her own runs through her place at Sutton, fills her ponds, and feeds her fountains. She and Lord Northcliffe have had the good sense to put their stream to good use, with the result that they have that most delightful of possessions, a water-garden. It is all wonderfully



RETURNING FROM CHURCH AFTER THEIR WEDDING: CAPTAIN GUY NAIRNE REYNOLDS AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS MARJORIE HARRISON).

The wedding of Captain Guy Nairne Reynolds, of the 21st Lancers, and Miss Marjorie F. Harrison took place recently at King's Walden.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

pleasant in mid-summer, and is so ingeniously partitioned that there is no end to its variety. The blue garden, filled with delphiniums of two shades, has this year been particularly beautiful and cool.

Of Gardens.

The superior gardener of an Oxford college who, in a classic phrase, explained to an American inquirer that the way to get a good lawn was to "take it and roll it

for three hundred years" must be discredited. The Northcliffe garden is only seven years old, but looks like seven centuries. Another Surrey expert in such things, Sir Herbert Jekyll, went over it the other day, and declared it to be one of the most beautiful in England. Sir Herbert's is an opinion worth having; his own garden is famous, and there are others in the family. Miss Jekyll's is no less beautiful than her brother's, and her books on the subject have helped the present generation to make its flower-beds, and keep them tidy.

Kitchen Antiquities.

There was quite a battle the other day over the kitchen-table at Slindon House, the Leslie property (near Arundel) that now passes into the hands of Mr. Wooton Isaacson. The sale of furniture belonging to the outgoing holder was remarkable for many good prices, the collection being a fine one, but nobody expected to see spirited

bidding over the hacked and hewn table on which the dinners of more than a century had been prepared. Its top was as thick as Johnson's forearm, and to take it away would have cost as much as the purchase of a new table of the same size; but Mr. Wooton Isaacson, for all that, had to pay as many pounds as the thing, from the Bond Street point of view, was worth in shillings. Some neighbour, evidently, had a mind for parsley chopped on an antique board. It looks as if a new field were opened for the collector.

Questions of Taste.

Mr. Lutyens, the master of the domestic styles, is taking an almost family interest in the great hall he is building for the Theosophical Society. Even if Theosophy is not a daily concern of his own, he has the satisfaction of knowing that Lady Emily Lutyens will often listen to Annie Besant in the palace he is preparing for the modern Sibyl. In the same way, the Grill Room at the Berkeley is not, like Delhi, out of reach because it has passed out of his office. Whenever he wants to be put into good humour with life and himself, he and Lady Emily take their chops among the restaurant pillars of his own designing,

The Americans.

The daily press of motors round the American Express Company in the Haymarket is significant. It shows forth the American invasion in its undiluted form. The Haymarket is the receiving-office for the supplies that prolong the European journeys of visitors from Oregon and Buffalo and all the cities in between. One peculiarity of the Americans of the year is their reluctance to return to the States. They are discovering that they want to live in London or Paris. "Six months in Europe and the thing dawns upon us," they say; "to come here from some hole - in - the - corner such as Philadelphia is like coming up from the provinces." Americans are fond of speaking of the "larger atmosphere" of Europe, which is all against the ordinary European conception of the relative advantages, and sizes, of the two continents.

"I feel," said a fair native of Boston the other day, "as if I had been born under a bureau and had now gotten into the forest for the first time." On the other hand, there are in London a host of real "practising Americans" who, like Mrs. Will Crocker, take just as much pleasure in going home as in leaving it.



ENGAGED TO MR. BANISTER FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A.: LADY BAMFORD-SLACK.

Lady Bamford-Slack is the widow of the late Sir J. Bamford-Slack, M.P., who died in 1909, and a daughter of Mr. Edward Bretherton, of Clifton. Mr. Banister Fletcher is the Chairman of the City of London School.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



CHILDREN'S DAY AT RANELAGH: LADY CASTLEREAGH (FACING THE CAMERA) AND MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN WITH THEIR CHILDREN ON THE RING-ABOUTS.

Some 1200 children, mostly with their parents, enjoyed all the fun of the fair at the annual fête for the younger generation at Ranelagh, organised by Sir George Hastings. Viscountess Castlereagh, daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin, and daughter-in-law of Lord Londonderry, has one son, Lord Stewart, and three daughters. Mrs. Eric Chaplin is a daughter of the first Lord Nunburnholme and wife of Mr. Henry Chaplin's only son.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AT A CHARITY FÊTE OPENED BY HIS DAUGHTER, LADY ALEXANDRA PALMER: THE MARQUESS OF LINCOLNSHIRE, WITH MRS. CONINGSBY DISRAELI.

A garden party and fancy fair was held recently in the grounds of Hughenden Manor, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli, in aid of the High Wycombe and Earl of Beaconsfield Memorial Cottage Hospital. The fête was opened on the first day by Lady Alexandra Palmer, in the absence of her mother, the Marchioness of Lincolnshire.

Photograph by C.N.



By ELLA HEPWORTH-DIXON.

The Adventures of Yachting.

In the present "prickly" state of international politics, yachting in alien waters has its decidedly venturesome side, and the recent arrest at Kiel of a venerable English Peer who is specially friendly towards Germany is an amusing instance of the *trop de zèle* shown by Kaiser Wilhelm's officials. If Lord Brassey had been young and connected with either of our Services, the matter might have taken on a different complexion, and some exceedingly unpleasant quarters of an hour would have been undergone by all concerned in the grotesque charge of "spying." My own experience of entering the harbour of Kiel from the Baltic on a large steam-yacht included the firing of shots from the fort across our bows. Several bearded and handsome German sailors then boarded our vessel and explained to the captain that he ought not to have entered the waters of Kiel without a German pilot. All ended amicably enough, and we were suffered to land, explore the town (though not the arsenal), and sit down to a gigantic *Mittagessen* at the principal hotel in company with all the naval and military officers in the port. I have never seen human beings consume so much food and drink at one sitting, but this is by the way. Nor are the Austrians less suspicious than the Prussians, for on a similar yachting trip in Adriatic waters I was myself put under military arrest for admiring the view—quite innocently, and without even a kodak in my possession—from the citadel of beautiful Ragusa. Explanations and apologies were soon being exchanged, but the episode left me "furiously thinking" of the smothered hostilities below the surface in Dalmatia.

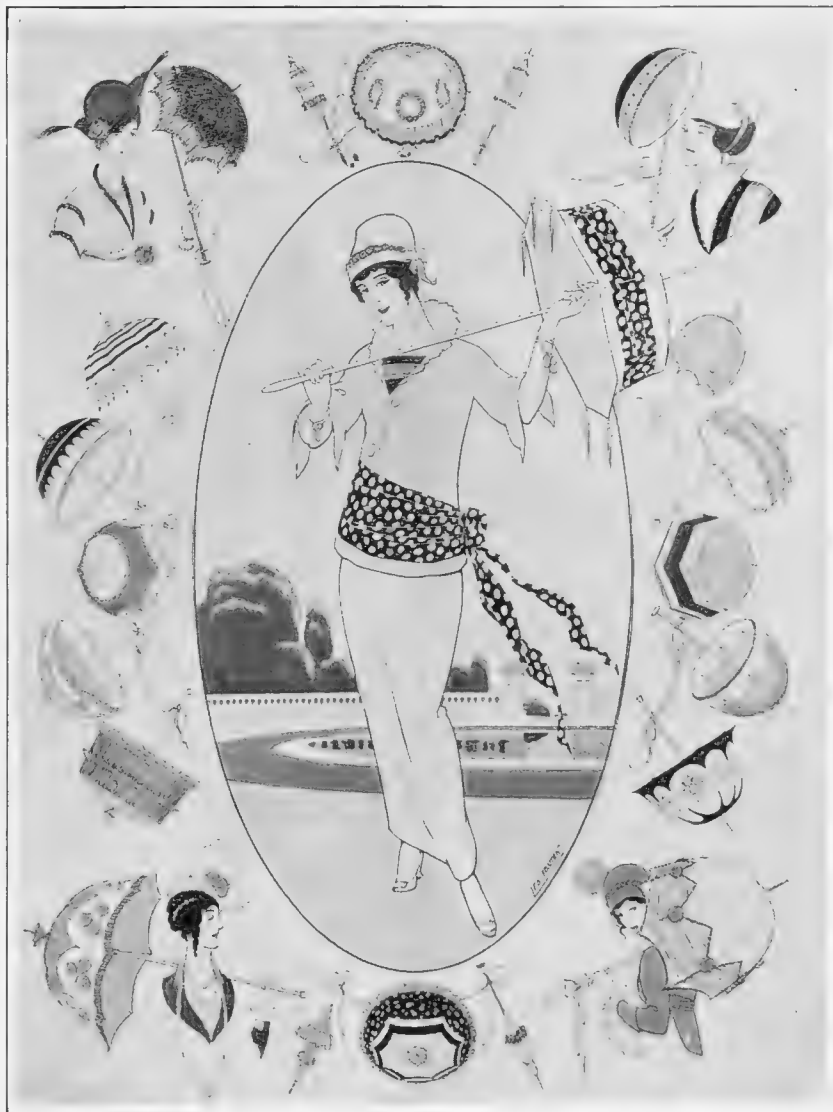
The Body Beautiful.

It is idle to talk of "cures" and "exercises" which are to make our bodies young and supple unless you can show the result of such strenuous and self-denying ordinances. Mrs. Roger Watts, who held her audience spell-bound at the Little Theatre the other afternoon, and showed us the masterpieces of Greek sculpture in the living flesh, does not talk of a diet of nuts and lettuce, or strange gymnastics before an open window. Her system is entirely scientific, and her dancing and posturing belong to exact mathematics. For sheer beauty, Mrs. Watts's performance is impossible to beat, and one is left wondering if it is feasible for common mortals to attain this wonderful poise, equilibrium, and rhythm of movement. The celebrated pose of the crouching Herakles was reproduced in her own person, and an arrow sent flying from a real ancient Greek bow. This thrilled us even more than the beautiful reproduction of the Discobolus, or the gesture-dance of the Hymn to Apollo—though both were exquisite. Here in England, for boys, we have long cherished the Hellenic ideal of a "sane mind in a healthy body." Mrs. Roger Watts has triumphantly shown us that the same ideal may be carried out for girls.

To Hire a Wag.

The Chinese have a sly, dry humour all their own, and when they set out to criticise Occidental customs and compare them with their own it is manifest in divers diverting ways. Dr. Wu Tingfang, lately Ambassador of the Celestial Kingdom in Washington, has written a book on the United States which, though strictly fair and sometimes eulogistic, contains more than one dig at the Americans and their inconsistencies. He wonders, for instance, why, when they are always "hustling" in business and travelling at breakneck speed, they should not hurry up a little with their speech, which is slower than that of any white people. Evidently Dr. Wu Tingfang was not

always amused and entertained at Transatlantic dinner-tables, for he discusses the propriety of "hiring professional talkers at dinner-parties when the dull or the depressed may find it hard to be entertaining. To hire a talker as one hires a pianist might lighten labour for everyone." The phrase to "lighten labour" is significant, and calls forth disquieting visions of vistas of morose guests—in short, of Wordsworth's "party in a parlour, all silent, and all d—d." In London, up to a short time ago, there were still professional diners-out, who never had a cover laid at home, but who earned their salt by lively conversation and saucy anecdotes. The advent of the motor-car and golf put an end to the career of these worthies, since no one cared to discuss any other topics, and Othello's occupation was indubitably gone. Perhaps—who knows?—one day the subjects of motors and golf will have lost their freshness, and then the prudent host or hostess may yet take Dr. Wu's advice and hire a wag.



THE LATEST SHAPES IN PARASOLS.

Parasols are very much in evidence just now. They are to be seen in every size, and some of the shapes they take are very quaint, as the models we give above will show. The materials mostly chosen are rather of the diaphanous kind, such as Ninon and tulle, and the more ornamentally trimmed they are, the more they will be appreciated by the woman of fashion.

The sweet-peas at Holland House were the sensation of the great flower-show, and this once homely blossom, which used to be seen only in kitchen-gardens, has now become the Cinderella of horticulture and is exhibited in the same tents with the splendid orchids

of the millionaire. Roses were snuffed out, and the other flowers seemed nowhere, so great was the attention and the admiration bestowed by visitors on the simple sweet-pea. Of course, names of flowers, and even of edibles, as Robert Browning knew, are of the greatest importance, and I often wonder if they sound as charming in foreign languages as in our English speech. John Keats's line to the dove, "I gave you white peas," is unforgettable; and Maurice Maeterlinck has written a whole essay on the names of flowers. We Westerners are too apt to think that the Japanese alone are the only worshippers of flowers; certainly a love for gardens and all that they contain is very marked among all classes of English folk. The French peasant will toil, after working hours, at his cabbage-patch, but the poorest Briton will bestow equal labour upon his bed of flowers.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 9.

BRAZIL.

WE have once or twice expressed optimistic views as to Brazil's ability to weather the storm of its existing troubles. At the moment we must confess we have certain qualms. The delays over the negotiations of the new Loan which is such a vital necessity to the country, added to the events of last week, are disquieting.

Not until two days before the due date was the money forthcoming for the July coupons, and it was twenty-four hours later that the sum required for the sinking-fund arrived. This is sailing near the wind with a vengeance, and although there was no actual default, a very bad impression has been created.

Brazil is so hard up that there is very little doubt that the money has been withdrawn from the Conversion Office, and the subsequent weakening of the exchange confirms this opinion. This fund, which is intended to guarantee the value of the paper milreis, has been a source of great strength to the country, and the present drain on it for other purposes is bound seriously to affect the exchange and the country's credit.

With regard to the progress of the new Loan negotiations very little is known outside the bankers' group—and we do not profess to have any inside knowledge in the matter.

We imagine, however, that the Brazilian Government has still an inflated idea of the value of its paper, which is a pity, as none of the English bankers are likely to try and depress existing loans by the issue of a new one at a lower price than is absolutely necessary. The attitude of the Continental bankers is slightly different, because their main object is to get the claims of the Brazil Railway settled, and they are not so heavily interested in the existing Government Bonds.

We still hope, and believe, that a compromise will be reached, and that the money, when it is provided, will enable Brazil successfully to overcome its difficulties and to turn again, in a humbler spirit, to the development of its immense natural resources. But recent events have not furthered our hope nor strengthened our belief.

EGYPTIAN DELTA LIGHT RAILWAYS.

For 1913-14 this Company is again distributing 5 per cent. on its Preference shares. We thought it would have been the full 5½ per cent., but that is deferred for the present. It must, however, come before very long.

It is difficult to make an exact comparison with the results of the previous year, owing to the sale of the Helouan Railway and land, etc., but the Company has clearly improved its position. We note a tendency for expenses to increase, and this should be watched. Otherwise, the increase of £4200 in the available profits must be considered satisfactory. An increase of £5200 would have sufficed to pay the additional half per cent. on the Preference.

There can be little doubt that the arrangement with the Government has strengthened the Company's position, and the only real weakness now outstanding is the big holding of Delta Land shares at something like 30s. per share.

We regard the future hopefully, and consequently expect to see the £10 Preference reach par before very long. At present they are quoted at 8½, and yield about £5 17s. 6d. on the basis of the present distribution. They can safely be purchased as a speculative investment.

ARGENTINE IRON AND STEEL.

When this Company increased its capital last year we expressed a certain uneasiness that it should be necessary so soon after the Company's inception. Now, just twelve months later, it is proposed to write down the Ordinary capital by 40 per cent., which will enable stocks to be written down by £130,000, and goodwill by one third. The Preference shareholders are dependent on the generosity of Señor Vasena for their year's dividends.

The trading profit for the last year at £63,500 is down by more than 50 per cent., while the net profit of £19,800 compares with over £90,000 twelve months ago.

The directors clearly failed to see the decline in the iron and steel boom until it was upon them. Much prosperity had made them proud! The issue of fresh capital enabled them to launch out, give credits, and increase stock at a time when trade was rapidly falling off. Stocks show an advance of £150,000 over last year's figures, and total £632,000, but are admittedly over-valued at this figure.

On top of this came the financial crisis in South America. It was, and is still, impossible to collect debts, and both the reserve fund and the year's profits are appropriated to writing off bad debts.

We cannot congratulate the Board or the management. They ought to have read the signs of the times; but it's no use crying over spilt milk, and the vendors are certainly behaving in an unusually liberal manner. Practically speaking, they are bearing the whole of the loss on their own shoulders, since they hold nearly all the Ordinary shares. And Señor Vasena is himself finding

the Preference dividend for the year, and looking for repayment to future profits.

That the immediate future is very rosy we should hesitate to say, but we think holders of the Preference shares should retain their interest. A great deal of wreckage has been cut away, the management has been strengthened, and, as normal conditions are restored in the Argentine, we think this great business should recover its position.

LIPTONS.

This Company has been very much in the public eye of late, and we note an item of £5100 in the accounts for law costs in connection with recent legal proceedings. This is the only reference to the matter in the report, and we mention it only because it must adversely affect the Company's business in the future.

Last year's trading was not up to expectations. Before allowing for depreciation the profit was £183,500, which compares with £203,600 for the previous twelve months. The dividend is maintained at 6 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, but depreciation receives only £23,200 against £41,100 a year ago, and the auditors give their certificate only "subject to questions of depreciation." There is little doubt that the allowance for depreciation has been totally inadequate for years past; and as the reserve fund has again to go forward without any addition, we shall be interested to hear how the Chairman attempts to justify the Board's financial methods.

Frankly, we do not like the position as now revealed, especially as the Company's indebtedness to the Bank has increased to about £160,000 and bills payable total £297,600. The balance-sheet, with the large item of goodwill and small reserve fund, is a poor document. The Debentures are probably well enough secured, but the 5 per cent. Preference we cannot advise, and the Ordinary shares should unhesitatingly be sold.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The San Antonio Land affair is very unsatisfactory, and bondholders have undoubtedly got a very serious grievance against the Board. The power held by the Ordinary shareholders makes the bondholders' position exceedingly delicate, and emphasises the disadvantage of Companies registered under Canadian laws.

The Rock Investment Company is paying a final dividend of 2½ per cent. on its Ordinary stock. This brings the total for the twelve months up to 3½ per cent., as compared with 3 per cent. a year ago. Under Lord St. Davids' guidance this Company has been making steady progress, and should continue to do so. The 5 per cent. Preference stock stands in the market at 90, which seems to be below its intrinsic merits.

Antofagasta is an important Chilean city, and has no funded debt with the exception of the £200,000 5 per cent. Bonds offered last week at 97. The Bonds are redeemable by 1939, and are fully guaranteed by the Chilean Government. The Bonds yield £5 3s. per cent., and are a sound South American investment, although the total amount is so small that the market must always be restricted.

Tin rose no less than £6 per ton last week, and the market sentiment is certainly more bullish than it was a fortnight ago. The chief influence has been the reduction in Bolivian supplies, and it seems pretty certain that this will continue in the near future. Continental deliveries have been good, and so we shall be surprised if the advance does not continue. There is certainly plenty of room for further improvement after the long period of depression in the price of this metal.

Motor-omnibuses are very hard on the roads, and yet, up till now, they have contributed a comparatively small sum towards their upkeep. Attempts have been vainly made on several occasions to get an alteration in this state of affairs. The tramways and railways have a legitimate grievance, and we think there will be an alteration before very long. A Commission has just been appointed to consider the matter, and there can be very little doubt as to their decision. This is a factor which should be taken into consideration by all holding shares which are dependent on the profits of omnibuses.

IN A BROKER'S OFFICE.

"My word, it is!" agreed the Broker, who was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, with an electric fan in front of him.

As I hadn't had time to open mouth or even choose the coolest chair, I looked a little surprised.

"Well," he explained, "everyone opens the conversation with identically the same remark, so I thought I'd save you time."

"Sorry," I said, wearily getting up; "I didn't know you were so busy, or I—"

He pushed me gently back again and turned the fan my way. "Don't be an ass."

I decided not to be, and the Broker continued, "I suppose you've come to get copy for your bea—"

"Don't say it," I begged him, "but tell me about the petition."

"I'm not a Suff—"

"Not that sort—the one for a reduction of Stock Exchange commissions."

"Oh, nothing'll come of that; the present rates haven't had a chance yet."

[Continued on page 32.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Postponements. The terrible tragedy of last week caused a series of postponements, beginning with that of their Majesties' State Ball. The week of Court mourning in no way signifies the real grief of the King and Queen for the assassination of a pair who visited them last winter, and with whom their relations were most cordial. Queen Mary came very greatly to admire the fine character of the Duchess of Hohenberg and to like her charming personality; while the King and the Queen were delighted with the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Years ago he came to this country, it was said, looking for a wife among our royal Princesses. The one on whom he was inclined to confer the offer of his hand was Princess Victoria, but it was diplomatically intimated that it would be useless for him to do so, and he went away rather huffed, or so runs the story. One of our Princesses would have had to change her religion to become his wife; there were, however, other reasons, and the lady he eventually married made of him the fine-thinking, forceful man he became.

Boys and Girls Were to have assembled at a dance given by Lord Titchfield and his only sister, Lady Victoria Cavendish Bentinck, at 3, Grosvenor Square, last week. It was, however, postponed. The last visit paid in England by the



A NEW WAY OF "CHAIRING" WITH VERY LIGHTLY CLAD "SUPPORTERS":
Mlle. TROUHANOWA CARRIED BY ATHLETES OF RHEIMS.

At a Fête Grecque recently held in the grounds of the College of Athletes at Rheims, Mlle. Trouhanowa was "chaired" in a recumbent attitude over the heads of a group of athletes who had won their events.

late ill-fated pair was to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck, and the Archduke took much interest in young Lord Titchfield. Count and Countess Siegfried Clary and Aldringen are among their Graces of Portland's most intimate friends. The Prince and Princess of Clary and Aldringen, Count Siegfried's brother and sister-in-law, are also intimate friends of the Duke and Duchess, and they are closely connected with the Imperial Household. The postponements were only for a week, as nowadays it is recognised that the living have claims, and that, whatever tragedies occur, things must go forward. The dinner at Lansdowne House for King Manuel and Queen Augusta Victoria was also postponed. The young King, besides having connection with Prussia, Austria's friend and ally, must feel this tragedy the more for that which he passed through. This week things go on again as usual up, we hope, to the end of the season.

A Trial of Strength. The poor flowers at Holland House, they did have a trial—the days for the show were so hot. Although there was a breeze outside the marquees, inside was like the atmosphere of a Turkish bath. The only things that looked as if they did not mind were the orchids—determined heat-lovers. It was nice to see Queen Alexandra so interested, and looking so well and handsome. For everyone her Majesty seemed to have a few pleasant words. The royal party stayed for over an hour. Many pretty summer frocks graced the show as well as the flowers, and no one looked cooler and nicer than the tall Marchioness of Linlithgow, and no one smarter than Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and no one more alert and interested than Lady Iveagh, all in white. The flower-lovers were all there—

Lord Grenfell, Lord Carew, the Duchess of Wellington, Lord and Lady Portsmouth, and many more.

Political Strife and Social Amenities. There are rumours going the rounds

that Radical Peers and Peeresses and their children are being kept out of all the best Society functions of the season because of the bitterness of spirit between the two Parties—in fact, that our graceful English way of striving mightily, but eating and drinking as friends, as enjoined by our immortal William, is falling into disuse. The rumours are of a lying spirit: such a thing would disorganise British family life, to say nothing of social life. No; Radicals meets Unionists at each other's houses and agree to disagree, as they ever did. Certain newly created Peers and Peeresses may have unfulfilled ambitions for their young people, but it is useless to put these down to Unionist dislike of their politics: it is simply that Unionists of the great ranks never did know them, and do not pine to just because they come into line with them in the matter of titles.

Matches. Many match-makers are busily engaged over the future of the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. It would be idle to suppose that matters so closely affecting the future of Europe have not been discussed in responsible quarters; that definite settlement has been made is quite another matter; and that irresponsible people know anything at all, or are likely to arrive anywhere near the truth by mere guess-work, is equally idle supposition. Another matter has to be given some real consideration—the inclination of young people: of course, conventionally, they are always supposed to be in love with each other. Of recent years there have been many instances where they really were, but these were not of the marriages-arranged variety. Princes and Princesses have made their common humanity painfully apparent to the would-be arbiters of their destinies. There is that in the faces of the Prince and his only sister which makes us think that, although they may be easy to lead, they will be ill to drive.



LORD KITCHENER (X) IN ENGLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HE WAS CREATED AN EARL: THE GREAT BRITISH AGENT FROM EGYPT IN TOWN.

Lord Kitchener—now an Earl, since the Birthday Honours List appeared—was among the distinguished callers who followed the King's example and went to the Austrian Embassy to express in person their condolences after the assassination at Serajevo. Our photograph shows him arriving at the Embassy.

Photograph by Photopress.



SIX IN THE SHADE OF ONE JAPANESE UMBRELLA: VARSITY OARSMEN AT HENLEY AND THEIR GIANT PARASOL.

Japanese sunshades were greatly in demand among the men at Henley, but few were of the colossal proportions of that shown in our photograph.

Photograph by L.N.A.

Continued from page 30.]

"Surely twelve months——"

"And what months they've been—there wouldn't have been any business, even if we'd done it for love!"

"H'm! But still, it is a bit heavy in some cases. What about that last contract——"

"Of course it is," he admitted; "but how often do we get it? We have to give away half on all the big business, and that's why the scale looks high."

"Can't you abolish that?"

"Wheels within wheels—I wish we could!"

"And is there nothing interesting going on?"

"Yussir," he replied. "Henley, Wimbledon, and that sort of thing, but no business."

"Not even in Russian Mines? What about the Russian Mining Corporation's report?"

"Haven't seen one," declared the Broker.

"But it appeared ten days ago——"

"I read a long dissertation on the Company's hopes and aspirations, but a report—oh, no!"

"And Asiatics?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "They'll go better one day, but who dare gamble nowadays?"

"Somebody's been bearing Marconis, and that's gambling if you like."

"Fools step in where angels fear to tread."

"And you, I take it, are on the side of the angels?"

"I leave Marconis alone," he laughed; "too much condiment about them for my liking."

"Are you hopeful of *nothing*?" I asked. "If a client insisted on a spec. in something or other, what would you put him into?"

"A strait jacket!"

"Be serious for once," I begged.

"Well, I think some of the Home Rails are doing all right, especially Great Western; and there might be a profit to be got out of some Oils."

"North Cauc?" I suggested.

"Yes; and even Shells to hold for a bit. But come along, it's too hot to sit here talking."

"You look cool enough," I suggested as we went down in the lift. "How's it done?"

"Diet, Sir, as per the morning newspapers. A raspberry for breakfast, a nut and a lettuce for lunch. A woollen vest and half-a-pint of barley-water per diem as the only drink!"

So we shared a small bottle of—barley-water—1900!

Saturday, July 4, 1914.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NORSE.—The shares are little better than a gamble, and we advise a sale at the first opportunity.

S. E. K.—We do not care for the shares about which you inquire, and doubt their ever being worth very much. Owing to the splendid light which we have had of late we managed without the microscope, but thank you, nevertheless, for the kind thought!

SALTED.—(1) On no account. (2) Recent developments at depth have been better, so you may hold for the present.

VIGILATE.—The share you suggest is quite sound, but does not appear particularly attractive, as the yield is barely 5 per cent. The other you mention we consider only "a fair mix." We suggest Selfridge Prefs. or Debentures; Electric Lighting shares—such as St. James and Pall Mall, or Westminster and Financial Trust Company's.

J. C. S.—We will submit your list to an expert in the particular group, and give you an answer next week.

The Keffi Tin Company is offering £10,000 7½ per cent. Convertible Debentures at par. These Debentures will be convertible into Ordinary shares at par at any time prior to June 30, 1919, and will be finally redeemable at 110 per cent. in 1924 unless previously converted. The funds are required for the further development of the exclusive license areas and leases, and in connection with the beaconing, surveying, etc., which has to be carried out in accordance with the Government regulations.

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THE rugged grandeur of the North Cornwall coast is, of course, its special charm, but there is also a combination of pleasant contrasts that makes the complete change so essential to ensure a beneficial holiday. Here are windswept hills and sheltered vales, the thunderings of giant rollers on the rock-bound shores, the music of rippling streams rushing seawards through luxuriant glens, the invigorating breezes from across the Atlantic, sweetly-scented zephyrs from the moors, gaunt grey cliffs towering into the sky, guarding quiet havens with lovely stretches of sparkling sands, magnificent prospects across country and grand Channel views, and last, but not least, daylight lingers — sunset being half-an-hour later than in London.

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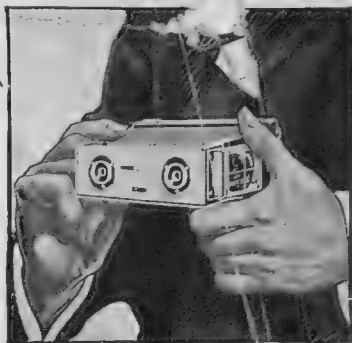
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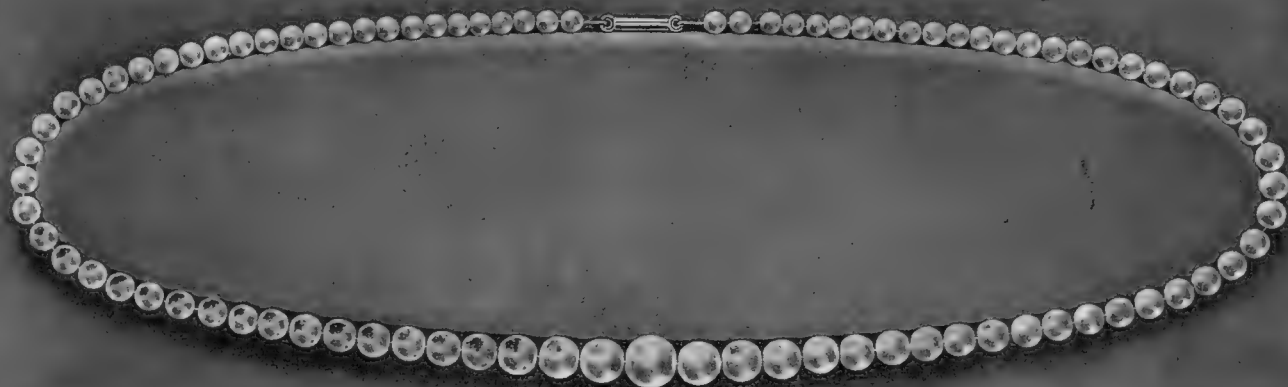
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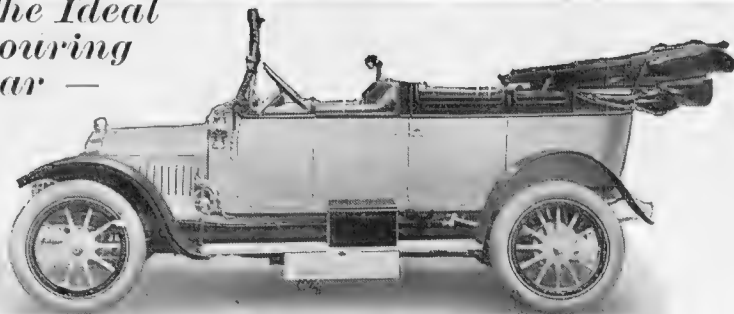
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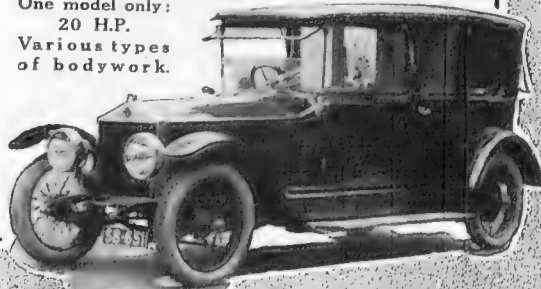
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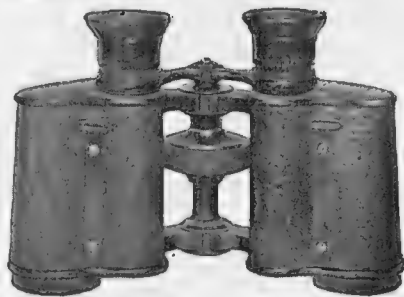
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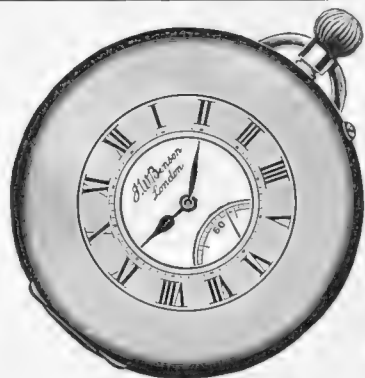
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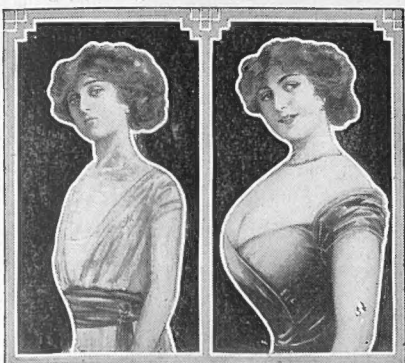
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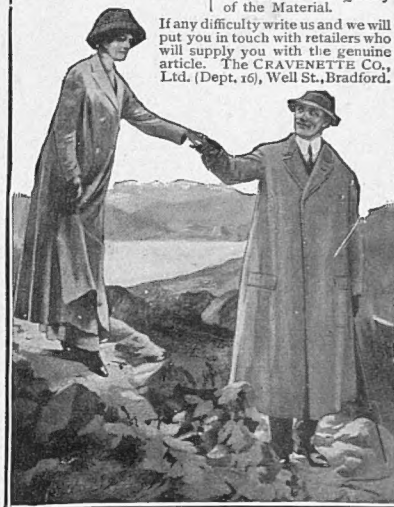
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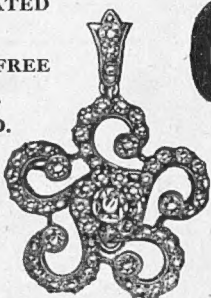
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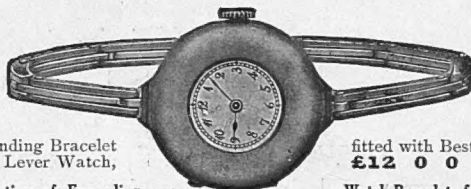
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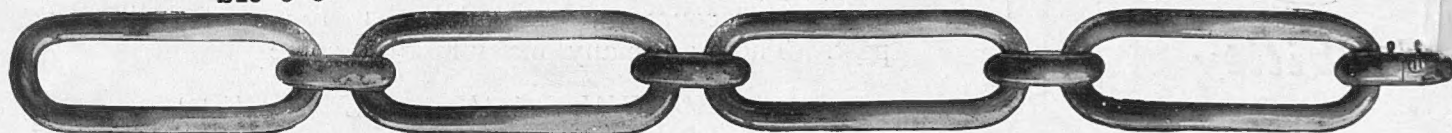
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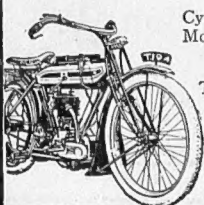
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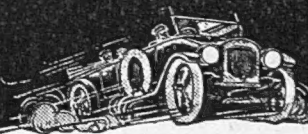
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA-HOUSES.

THERE has been a welcome lull in the output of new works: it gives time for second hearing, and perhaps for second thoughts. In the past week "Dylan" is the only new production, and that comes just too late for notice here. Writing on the eve of production, it is interesting to speculate upon the extent to which men like Stravinsky have paved the way for such dissonances as those with which Mr. Holbrooke may have elected to dress his musical thought. Unless the score of the new opera differs altogether from the work that has preceded it, dissonance may be taken for granted; so, too, may some really graphic musical expression. The public ought to be in good mood to receive both.

In the meantime, the production of Moussorgsky's gloomy but enthralling opera, "La Khovantchina," helps "Dylan" to put a period to the series of new works and revivals. The whole programme of the Russians is now before us. "La Khovantchina" has many interesting aspects. As a stage-picture in several tableaux it is eminently satisfying; as an exhibition of the genuine devotion with which men will cling to old and retrograde fashions in faith and life, it tells a story that, while true of other countries than Russia, has a special significance there. One cannot overlook the extraordinary importance of the drama associated with most of the Russian operas. Chaliapine has a great chance both as singer and actor, though he is at his best in the latter rôle, and commands attention even when the stage action is not with him and he is no more than a listener. More commanding personality has not been seen on the operatic stage; perhaps it is his misfortune that his gifts as an actor make his voice, for all its beauty, seem but a secondary gift. Mention of "La Khovantchina" would be incomplete without a reference to the work of the chorus. Last Wednesday night M. Emile Cooper found himself unable to resist the demand for an encore. The spectacle of a chorus forced to sing unaccompanied music twice over is surely without precedent in England, and is another of the significant happenings that show how flexible the operatic convention really is. Nothing could have been more striking than the sight of the singers ranging up to the footlights and delivering their message for a second time in fashion that suggested their own complete appreciation of the music. It was a fine tribute to Moussorgsky, but one shudders to think of the average Italian chorus attempting to do the same thing with the work of some light of modern Italy.

There is a rumour in town at the time of writing that Sir Joseph Beecham has acquired something in the nature of a permanent interest in M. de Diaghilew's company, and if this be true we may presume that the Russian operas and ballets of the past few weeks

are to become a permanent feature of London's opera season. Nothing could be more satisfactory for a few years; then the operas will become as familiar as other old-established favourites. In all probability, one main factor in the Russian success is the sense of novelty; and this sense gains added piquancy from the neighbouring house's reliance upon well-known works. All art-forms suffer in time from over-use, and the novelties of the present year may be standing in the way of still more attractive art-forms five years hence.

At Covent Garden Mozart has secured attention, rather late in the season, but not too late, for the house that greeted the revival of "Don Giovanni" was so crowded that extra stalls had been added, as on a night when Caruso is singing. The revival may well have evoked memories of past performances; there are still a few habitués who can recall Mme. Patti's Zerlina. Those of us whose years are happily unable to aid our memories so far could more easily recall the night—some eight or nine years ago, perhaps—when Mme. Destinn made her first appearance in England in the part of Donna Anna. It would be idle to suggest that time has spared her voice; the higher notes are no longer what they were, but what she has lost in pure vocal beauty she has gained in dramatic sense. Mme. Stralia, the Donna Elvira, has a fine voice, but it is not yet able to do all that is required with the music; and Signor Scotti, who took the name-part, is another of the operatic artists whose art is employed—and employed successfully—to conceal the fact that the old-time fine quality of voice is now to seek. Strange though it may seem, there was more pleasure in the superb handling of the whole part by Scotti than there is in its rendering by many a man whose voice can be surrendered almost recklessly to the sparkling music. No longer a great singer, Signor Scotti remains one of the most distinguished artists in the service of Grand Opera.

Many hard things have been said about the directors of Covent Garden for not giving Miss Maggie Teyte a chance to follow up her first successes, and her appearance as Zerlina in last week's revival was undoubtedly very popular. At the same time, it is by no means certain that the house is not too big for her, even admitting that, both as a singer and actress, she gave great pleasure. In the ideal Mozart theatre—and this can never be Covent Garden—it would not be easy to find an English singer who could match Miss Teyte in the part; but if Mozart is to be given on a Gargantuan scale, she cannot be heard at her best. The part of Don Ottavio is, from the acting side, a little ridiculous, and certainly Mr. John McCormack has not discovered the way in which to hide its deficiencies. But his singing made sufficient amends; and Signor Aquistapace, the Leperello, was quite good. Signor Polacco, that conductor-of-all-work, was in charge.



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